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The New
REPUBLIC

August 18, 1941

For a Quick Victory

The first of two articles by Max Werner, outlining the strategy and tactics to be followed to achieve it

"The Red Army offers to the anti-Hitler coalition the only possible chance for victory"

Roosevelt and Churchill

An imaginary conversation

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Another Fateful Week

This has been another of the weeks of which it can truly be said that they may prove decisive in world history for decades to come. In the Far East, Japan has steadily moved closer to the occupation of Thailand, and to an internal organization appropriate for war with the United States. In Europe, Vichy has repeated its dreary old game of pretending to hold out against Germany. Every previous operation of this sort has finally resulted in almost complete capitulation, as Michael Straight points out in his article on page 214 of this issue. Putting Admiral Darlan in complete control of General Weygand is a sufficient clue if any were needed. Darlan is a French fascist who exists at present only for the purpose of kissing Hitler's boots and obeying his every wish, spoken or unspoken. One does not need to be much of a prophet to predict that unless Britain and America act at once, Hitler will be in complete control of all the French African ports, including Dakar, before the autumn is over and that the United States will suddenly find herself in an extremely ugly situation for which her own timidity and hesitation will be largely to blame.

Those who, a few days earlier, had begun to feel that Russia was invincible, by August 12 were shaking in their boots because of the German advance in the southern Ukraine. Some of the reasons why their alarm was excessive are pointed out by Dr. Max Werner in this issue of The New Republic. For one thing, no German claim can be accepted until there is evidence from some other source that it is true. For another, Russia is a vast country with huge untouched resources of all kinds, including men. Her fate will not be decided by any three days' battle, however impressive it may seem.

Gloomy Week in Washington

Washington for the past week or two has seemed at the low ebb of the whole history of the defense effort. The debate over keeping the drafted men, with its compromise bargains and counter-bargains, shows that many members of the national legislature still have no conception of the great peril of this country. The tax bill is still inadequate, and a sales tax has been trotted out again by people interested in transferring the greatest possible part of the burden to those who can afford it the least. Neither the administration nor Congress shows any signs of doing enough and doing it soon enough, about price control. Every important criticism of the defense effort made six or eight months ago remains valid: there is still confusion, duplication and cross purposes; too many people are still trying to maintain business as usual; private plants resist expansion, resist subcontracting, resist giving labor any real participation in the effort. Production in many lines is far behind schedule and the schedules themselves in practically every case are much too small. What has happened about gasoline and silk has shown a terrifying failure to look ahead and plan for situations which could easily have been foreseen (and were foreseen by dozens of outside agencies, including The New Republic). All this does not mean that democracy is incapable of doing its job. But it is slow getting started, and its officialdom needs constant and vigilant pressure from the country to keep the wheels moving properly.

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Peace with Hitler

The peace offensive, long predicted, has arrived. The Annunciation took place, not unappropriately, at the little town of Milwaukee, and the Angel was Mr. John Cudahy, who has recently fluttered down from Berlin. However, Mr. Cudahy did not pack very much meat into his suggestion for a just peace. The idea seems to be that the President should come out for a new world government that would do justice among all men, and would be backed by all the moral prestige and material force of America; yet we are also told that we must counsel and sustain the President in the maintenance of peace. But when, if not now, are we to make use of force in the cause of justice? A monstrous iniquity sprawls across the continent of Europe—yet Mr. Cudahy cries peace. Would Hitler even so much as promise peace with justice? And if he did, who would accept the word of this Father of Lies? Which is it that you really want, Mr. Cudahy, peace with justice, or its opposite, peace with Hitler?

Turkey Waits

Baku is the most sensitive spot in the economy of the Soviet Union. The great bulk of the country's oil comes from the immediate vicinity of this city on the Caspian—the oil that drives the engines of both her mechanized agriculture and her motorized army. Germany would like, of course, to capture the wells unharmed, but they are still very far beyond the reach of her forces. If the Red Army keeps up its fight, Germany will perhaps try to attack the oil fields from the air, and in that case she will be in need of air bases in Turkey. The Germans hold good, persuasive cards to be played against Turkey: certain islands that give command of the Straits and a number of Balkan flying fields within easy bombing range of Constantinople. But the Russians are also in a position to drop things on that city, while the British now have convenient take-off points in Syria and may be in the way of acquiring others in Iran. Thus the Turks may soon have their minds made up for them—and no doubt they will follow the best European precedent and wait patiently for the bright axe to fall.

Iran Next?

It is likely that Turkey's fate will come after the Anglo-Russian-German tussle for Iran has been decided. The British have at the moment only one practical opportunity for establishing land contact with their Russian ally—by pushing their forces in Iraq through Iran and up to the Caucasus. There is every reason to think that they will make such a move in the near future. Anglo-Soviet pressure on Iran to expel its thousands of hard-working German agents may be the prelude to their occupation of the country. For valuable as such an expulsion would be, it would fall far short of Anglo-Russian needs in that area. Apart from the obvious value of joining hands across the Caucasus, such a move would complete the half circle of Allied troops on Turkey's southern and eastern borders. On the other hand, a German coup d'état in Iran would not only weaken Turkey and threaten the British position in the Near East. It would close Russia's only outlet to the Persian Gulf and choke off American supplies using that route. It would be a Nazi step forward on the road to India, via Afghanistan. It was perhaps with such a danger in mind that General Wavell was shifted from his post in Egypt and sent to the Indian command. His job, we may presume, is infinitely greater than the defense of India alone, and its full significance may become apparent in the military consolidation of Allied positions at many points on Russia's southern border.

Automobiles for Democrats

The motor makers have been complaining that they are discriminated against when they are asked to cut automobile production by 50 percent. Their patriotism apparently was stretched to the limit when they agreed to cut down by 20 percent during August, September and October. But the General Motors sales report released last week shows that Detroit is not really facing such great hardship. If production in the first seven months of 1942 were cut 50 percent below the same period in 1941, it would still be roughly 50 percent *above* 1938. Because of the price rise in automobiles, manufacturers are in an even more favorable position when this computation is made in dollars. Since they are sacrificing by making money hand over fist, what are the auto makers sobbing about?

To Help Our Migrants

The direct result of the writings of John Steinbeck and Carey McWilliams was the creation in 1940 of the Special House Committee on Interstate Migration. Under the vigorous leadership of Representative John H. Tolan of California, the committee has held hearings in eight states, investigating the plight of the millions of migratory workers. Now Chairman Tolan has introduced H. R. 5510, a bill to regulate private employment agencies in interstate commerce, the first legislative attempt to kill the worst enemy of migrant labor. This bill will prohibit private employment agencies from charging excessive fees, splitting fees, handing out false information, placing workers in illegal occupations, sending workers to plants where strikes or lockouts exist without their knowledge, and the other well known labor-racket practices. Existing state laws regulating private employment agencies are completely unable to deal with the national problem of interstate migration.

The War and Labor departments, the AFL, CIO and public-welfare groups all support H.R. 5510, but

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strong pressure is anticipated from the private agencies and "labor contractors" facing federal control if and when this bill becomes law. A sub-committee of the House Committee on Labor, headed by Representative W. F. Norrell, has announced hearings on the bill for August 18. Letters to the sub-committee asking for a favorable committee report may help to eliminate grave abuses in the labor market.

Back to Tapping Wires

Senator Tom Stewart of Tennessee, earlier known as the prosecutor in the Scopes "monkey trial," has become the champion of two bad bills. One of these would create concentration camps in which certain aliens might be imprisoned for life without a jury trial. The other would authorize wire-tapping by the FBI. Senator Stewart actually supports this second proposal as chairman of a sub-committee which was appointed to scotch the evil of snooping on the telephones of public officials. This, as Chairman James L. Fly of the Defense Communications Board has warned, is a grave danger in a period of national defense; Defense Director William S. Knudsen recently testified that a large part of defense business is transacted over the telephone. However, Stewart failed to make any recommendation for the protection of defense secrets; no matter how carefully these men are tested, among a large number of FBI agents there might be one or more interested in transmitting such information to a potential enemy.

Instead of doing the job for which he was appointed, putting an end to wire tapping, Senator Stewart and a majority of his subcommittee turned to a job which was not assigned to them, and recommended that wire tapping be authorized in certain classes of cases. They made this recommendation without conducting any hearings on the subject, without giving the opponents of such a bill any chance to be heard, and without learning the facts—thus outstripping Representative Hobbs in that repudiation of democratic legislative procedure for which the conduct of the House Judiciary Committee in handling the wiretap bill was severely criticized by labor and civil-liberties organizations and by members of the Washington newspaper corps.

Oklahoma Terrorism

One night last August, the police of Oklahoma City raided five homes on warrants authorizing them to search the premises for intoxicating liquor. They arrested eighteen people, including a boy and five women. There was no liquor; the police knew there would be none. They were after books. They also raided the bookstore run by Robert and Ina Wood, two of the people seized, who are Communists. The eighteen people were taken to jail and held incommunicado for six days. Then bail was set at $100,000 for each person. It was the beginning of a campaign which violates the civil rights of Americans with almost unparalleled cynicism.

Six of the prisoners were discharged. Twelve were indicted for criminal syndicalism, under a law passed in 1919. Only two cases had previously been tried under the law, both that year. Both were won by the defense in the higher courts. In the present case, Robert Wood and five others were charged with displaying and selling literature advocating force and violence and with membership in the Communist Party. The other defendants were charged with possessing and reading such literature. Robert Wood was convicted last October, sentenced to ten years in prison and fined $5,000. No overt act or appeal to violence against the government was charged at the trial. The evidence was thirty-eight pieces of literature from his bookstore. Oklahoma refused to postpone trials of other defendants until his conviction could be appealed. Alan Shaw was convicted on similar evidence in November. Eli Jaffee was convicted in April. Ina Wood was convicted, and given the same savage sentence, last month. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch said editorially, "If the FBI should raid the St. Louis Public Library, it could establish the same kind of case against Librarian Compton and his staff."

The Oklahoma legislature has set up a committee "to investigate Communist and alleged subversive activities." The terrorism is directed at members of Jehovah's Witnesses, college professors, clergymen, anyone who speaks out to remind Oklahoma people that the Constitution of the United States contains a Bill of Rights. Governor Phillips apparently warmly approves the purpose of this committee. He is quoted as follows: "Why should we give free run to those left-wingers, pinks, reds, Communists and those of the lunatic fringe who advocate overthrow of our government?"

Trouble on the Horizon

The British literary monthly, Horizon, (subscription, $1.75 for six months, can be made through the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City) is in difficulties both with its contributors and the authorities. The contributor trouble is summed up by the editors with the same pointed neatness that distinguishes their articles. "We are . . . unable to pay our contributors as much as we should like. If you particularly enjoy anything in Horizon, send the author a tip. Not more than One Hundred Pounds: that would be bad for his character. Not less than Half-a-Crown: that would be bad for yours."

Horizon's trouble with the authorities is far more serious. It has been marked down as a likely head for the ax of the paper-rationer and unless its value as a magazine can be well proved to the authorities it will cease to exist. We ourselves can think of no other British monthly of greater value to the intelligent American reader. No other magazine is a finer example of the British writer's ability to fight a war and still turn out literary work of the highest merit. No other

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British literary magazine is awaited in this country with greater interest. American readers can give decisive help in this matter by demanding that Horizon be given its quota of paper. Write to Sir Gerald Campbell, British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; and quickly, if you want to see Horizon again.

Last Week

The first week of Secretary Ickes' 7-to-7 curfew to reduce gasoline sales in the East resulted in consumption increases up to 17 percent. Apparently not even a motorist can be appeased. . . . Miss Harriet Elliott of OPACS asks women to boycott stores that profiteer by raising hosiery prices. The administration always discouraged women from shunning Japanese silk when the Chinese campaign started. The lesson is evidently that boycotts, like charity, begin at home. . . . A Japanese diplomat in this country warns his countrymen that the United States Government now means business. Now all that remains is for someone to convince the United States Government of the same thing. . . . The army is at last putting a note of realism into its maneuvers by announcing that "enemy war correspondents" caught running around loose will be made prisoners. The army may yet gain a reputation as a school of journalism by teaching war correspondents not to get caught. . . . London says the Luftwaffe lost more than two planes for each one lost by the RAF during the first seven months in 1941. Expect any day now the announcement from Berlin that the Battle of London has been concluded with another big German victory.

Confusion About the War

THE UNITED STATES is at present in an ambiguous position which has possibilities of grave danger. Every other great nation on earth is now engaged in war and a large majority of Americans, according to the most reliable statistics available, believe that this war is being fought by England and her allies on behalf of fundamental principles to which we also adhere. The same proportion of our people believe, or say they believe, what seems to the editors of The New Republic an indisputable truth: that if Hitler wins the war in Europe he is certain to attack the United States as well, that he is bent on world domination, that he cannot permit anywhere on earth a single last outpost where truth, justice and liberty have any degree of meaning.

This being so, why are we not participating fully in the war? It is worth remembering that up to now we have sacrificed little for the cause of the Allies. War materials they obtained in the United States before March of this year were paid for in cash. Our fifty destroyers were exchanged for a series of naval and air bases in a transaction which was one of the most advantageous in our whole history. Lease-lend goods have been going out only in small amounts, far smaller than anyone expected when the law was passed; and even so, the recipients of these goods acknowledge an obligation to return or replace them. We feel pretty virtuous about our help to China; but in fact, we have only lent her money, and she is paying off the obligation with various products urgently needed in the United States.

The blunt truth is that America at this moment is trying to evade what most of our citizens know in their hearts is a valid obligation. We are seeking to benefit by the fruits of a victory over Hitler without doing our full share in making that victory possible. We are willing to sell the products of our farms and factories, but we don't want to go beyond that and use our army, navy and air force, with thousands of our young men crippled or killed. We don't want to risk the possible bombardment of our cities from the air. We are dreaming of a miracle in which we shall wake up some morning and find that the war has ended in the defeat of Nazism, without our having found it necessary to make any real sacrifice whatever.

This is a national fantasy which can do us enormous harm and has already resulted in a serious impairment of our national moral tone. It is altogether unlikely that the war can be terminated successfully without active American intervention, and even if it could, our role would be a damaging one in terms of the effect on our national character. Either this is our war or it isn't. If it isn't, we should have nothing to do with it; if it is, we should have a great deal to do with it. These are the sharp horns of the dilemma which we are trying with little success to dodge. Our readers do not need to be told that The New Republic considers that this is our war and that we ought to do everything necessary to win it. In the past we have assumed that the American people were being somewhat tardy in realizing their danger and their obligation, and that it was desirable to give them time to adjust themselves to the situation. We are no longer certain that this is true. In the last few weeks there have been some signs that in certain respects the country was actually going backward.

For this there are a number of reasons. The Americans, like many of the British, have begun to hug the hope that the Russians will be able to do the job for us. The America First Committee has done a skillful piece of work in presenting its isolationist arguments to the people. Millions of Americans remember how we were tricked last time regarding the secret treaties and the real character of the war, and fear a repetition of that disaster. Another group, which to some extent duplicates the one just mentioned, recalls vividly the pacifist philosophy of the last twenty years which

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said that no war was worth what it cost, that such struggles are a by-product of capitalist competition on an imperial scale and that the people who fight them never benefit even by a successful termination. These arguments have had a good deal of validity in the past, and they still have it, except as regards a war with a dictator who proposes to enslave the whole world and has already gone farther toward achieving his ambition than any other conqueror ever known to history.

For the indecision and apathy of the American people, President Roosevelt must bear part of the blame. Rightly or wrongly, he has given the country the impression, and especially in recent weeks, that he is not quite sure in his own mind what course he wants to follow. Shrewd observers have suggested that he may be nourishing the fatal delusion that we can somehow squeeze through this world crisis without running any risk of having to back up our other actions by physical combat. Even when the President makes a public statement about the seriousness of our situation, many Americans, including some of his loyal supporters, fail to get the sense of utter sincerity and candor that they feel, for example, in the speeches of Winston Churchill. Assuming that the President does eventually expect to participate in a shooting war, it is probable that one reason he hesitates is his theory that he must not get too far ahead of public opinion as a whole; but unfortunately, public opinion is waiting to be led by him and his attitude postpones the very day for which he is hoping.

It seems clear that the President and the others responsible for the creation of public opinion in this country have signally failed in their duty of telling the American people what is going on in the world, and many of the people have resisted hearing unpalatable truths. The country where the art of modern advertising was born has done the poorest job of showing its citizens what they must do to survive in the greatest world crisis of all times. The army refuses to make any attempt of this sort, on the ground that it must not "get into politics." The President has tried it once or twice, rather ineptly, as in his speech about the short distance by bomber between the Middle West and nearby points in other countries which might fall into hostile hands. A few private agencies like the Council for Democracy have done what they could on extremely inadequate budgets, but the voice they have raised has been almost drowned out by the roar of the world conflagration and by the noise of the Axis propagandists deliberately seeking to divide and confuse the people. No one would be surprised to learn that Germany and Italy had spent in the United States in the past year twenty-five times as much as had been spent from all sources, public and private, to tell the story of democracy fighting for its life.

It is intolerable that the present situation should continue. By our inaction we increase the danger that the democracies may lose the war, although, as Dr. Max Werner shows in this issue of The New Republic, they have now an unparalleled chance of a quick victory. We are also, by our refusal to face the unpleasant facts, our attempt to pretend that the world is different from its reality, in danger of becoming a second-rate power in our thinking. The British came dangerously near to losing their souls before and after Munich; they regained them at Dunkirk and in the ordeal of the bombings. We are today in a mood ominously close to that of Britain at Munich, and to that of France in May, 1940.

The chief obligation here rests squarely on the shoulders of the President. Is he not concealing from the people important information that they need, and to which they have the right? They can hardly be asked to live up to historic American principles when it has not been made clear to them to what degree those principles are endangered. The President shrinks from being called a warmonger; but he should not shrink from being known as a truthmonger, a monger of specific facts. The nation is at a crossroad in its destiny; it is the obligation of the President to indicate, not in vague generalizations but in the most specific factual terms, just where the diverging paths lead.

Lowdown on High Prices

THE NEED FOR PRICE-CONTROL legislation, as well as the nature of the threat of inflation, may be inferred from a highly informative series of figures in the Federal Reserve Bulletin for August.

In July, the cost of living had risen only 8 percent since the beginning of the war, but five points of this increase had occurred since last March. That it will go higher may be predicted from the fact that basic commodity prices were 50 percent above prewar levels (25 points of the gain having occurred since March) and the general index of wholesale prices had risen 20 percent since the war started. The cost of living, however, need not rise as much as commodity or wholesale prices. It always lags behind them and almost always rises less. If the increase of wholesale prices and rents can be stopped, the cost of living need not go too far above its present level.

The most marked increases in the cost of living have occurred in foods and textiles. We cannot expect food prices to drop; rather the contrary. Wholesale prices of farm products and foods are below their 1937 peak and have not, on the average, reached pre-war parity with industrial prices. They will be allowed to do this, and indeed the farm bloc is trying to refuse authority to control them before they reach 10 percent above parity. Congress has also passed a resolution forbidding the administration to sell its crop surpluses during the

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emergency. This hoggish tendency must be curbed or the farmers and the rest of us will both suffer in the end.

It is all the more necessary to control the increase in the cost of living, since the increase in popular income is very spotty, being confined largely to defense areas and industries. Many people have less money with which to buy higher-priced goods.

The figures reveal also that wage increases have contributed little to higher prices through raising labor costs. Hourly earnings of factory employees have increased 4 percent since May, 1940, and the larger part of this rise is attributable to overtime at the usual rates rather than to wage increases. Profits of large industrial corporations, however, are 25 percent greater in the first half of this year than in the same period of 1940, in spite of higher taxes and cost of materials, and the dividend payments of *all* corporations are 15 percent larger.

The principal impetus to higher prices comes, not from higher costs, but from increased market demand for relatively scarce products. The government is, of course, the chief factor in this demand. Indirectly, too, government purchases increase the incomes of individual consumers, who in turn demand more goods. We have noted above the growth of profits and dividends; farmers' income is estimated 17 percent higher this year than last; through the increase in employment, payments to factory workers are up 55 percent. It is to be noted that denial of wage increases could not much affect this sharp gain of workers' purchasing power, since it is due almost entirely to more hours worked. Indeed, it would take a general wage decrease of more than one-third to eliminate it.

Defense spending will affect demand more in the future than in the past. Total defense appropriations and contract authorizations, plus British orders, exceed $50,000,000,000; of this only $9,800,000,000 had been spent by the middle of July.

Ordinarily, when farmers, wage-earners and dividend receivers get higher incomes, the work which yields these incomes produces more goods for them to buy. Now, a large part of the product never reaches the markets, but is used for war purposes. Purchasing power grows while commodities become scarcer. Under these circumstances, inflation is inevitable without shrewd, firm and broad use of the following measures:

1. To neutralize the effect of enlarged demand for scarce goods—price control and rationing.

2. To minimize the scarcities—rapidly increased production, not only for the full defense demand, but for civilian consumption. Ample credit for necessary production.

3. To reduce consumers' demand—high taxes on profits and incomes, restriction of consumers' credit, diversion of surplus consumers' purchasing power to savings.

Persecuting the Refugee

IT IS SURELY HIGH TIME for the Visa Division of the State Department, and particularly Mr. Avra Warren, its head, to make up their minds whether they are fighting on the side of democracy or on the side of Hitler. Recent actions of the Division strongly suggest the latter.

While one prominent Nazi after another has his path smoothed for him as he seeks to enter the United States, bars have now been raised making it almost impossible for political refugees to get out of Europe at all. The latest obstacle is the ruling some weeks ago that a visa will not be granted to a refugee from German-occupied territory who must leave behind any of his relatives. The excuse given is that Hitler can threaten harm to these relatives and thereby force the refugee, when he gets to America, to act as a spy. This is nonsense and everybody knows it, including Mr. Warren. The last thing Hitler wants is a spy who has been openly tagged as possibly dangerous through coming in as a refugee. He has many thousands of potential agents among loyal Nazis in this country; they are far more useful than victims motivated only by fear.

There is plenty of evidence that this regulation comes from anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi forces in the State Department which have been guilty of many previous activities of the same sort. This is proved by several facts. The Department is now demanding proof that the refugee can get an exit permit and a transit visa before it will give an American visa; yet our officials know very well that no papers can be obtained in Europe unless the American visa already exists. People trying to help refugees to come out have found it almost impossible to get copies of the new application blanks. These blanks are needlessly and appallingly complicated; for example, every address and every job held by the would-be immigrant since 1930 must be listed. The Visa Division with almost audible glee points out that no appeal of any sort from its rulings is now possible. If any exceptions have been made to the new and rigid restrictions, we cannot learn of them. They are operating even against many Jewish rabbis now stranded in Japan.

Shortly after this ruling was put out, the State Department dropped hints in powerful journalistic quarters that no one needs to worry, that the new powers will be operated with great discretion. These hints now turn out to be absolutely false. They have however served the purpose they were intended to serve: they have lulled many liberals into a false sense of security. It is high time for a congressional investigation of the Nazis, appeasers and anti-Semites in the State Department who are nullifying around the world the attempt to show that America is helping in the war effort of the Allies from democratic motives.

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Roosevelt-Churchill

An Imaginary Conversation

SOMEWHERE IN THE North Atlantic, we imagine Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt sitting on the deck of a great warship, Churchill chewing his fat cigar, and Roosevelt waving his long cigarette-holder. They have begun by acknowledging the disadvantages of conversing through third parties—even such plain-spoken individuals as Winant or Hopkins, or such inner-circle fellows as Halifax.

"Look here, Frank," continued the Prime Minister, "you and I can say all the polite things by mail, but now let's get down to cases. What would you do next if you were in my shoes?"

"Well, Winston, since you ask my advice, I'd get tough with Japan. You've been slow in that quarter."

"You haven't been so sharp with the Japs yourself," answered Mr. Churchill, "except by the words of that great moralist, Mr. Hull. Don't worry, we won't hand Singapore over to them to protect. If I only could use the navy in the Pacific—" Mr. Churchill pounded the arm of his chair. "But how about your ships? You could smash the Jap fleet to splinters, you know."

Mr. Roosevelt's eyes gleamed. "Nothing I'd like better, Winston, but we haven't got a two-ocean navy yet. And we might need the fleet in the Atlantic."

"Why, Frank? What are you doing with it? I haven't heard of any action there."

"We've promised to deliver our supplies to you."

"I only wish you would. It made me feel good when you first said that. What are you going to do about it?"

"Don't forget, Winston, that we're a democracy. I've got a strong opposition, and I can't get too far ahead of the people. Besides, we might need the fleet in the Pacific."

"We're a democracy too, you know, and I wouldn't be on top if the people didn't like action. Use the fleet and the people will back you to a man. But for God's sake, use the fleet somewhere! At present it looks as if you had a neither-ocean navy."

Mr. Roosevelt changed the subject. "Speaking of action, Winston, I've heard you criticized because you didn't take advantage of the Russian war to make a landing on the continent."

"That's another thing I wanted to mention. We could do it, all right. But remember our productive capacity isn't up to Hitler's, especially since he got all Western Europe making arms for him. We depend on you to offset that. So far, between you and me, we haven't had too much from you. Haven't I been told you wouldn't really get going until 1942? Where'd we be if we shot off everything we have in a continental war and then Hitler turned on us?"

"We're going better now," said the President. "From now on we'll make as much as you can shoot."

"I hope you're right, Frank. But aren't you inclined to be a tiny bit too optimistic about what you're *going* to do? Seems to me I've heard you say that before. I'd like the stuff stacked up on the docks. And I'd like to see a whole procession of new freighters, wallowing in the sea up to their gunwales, and flanked by your destroyers and planes, bringing it in as fast as we could unload it. We'd need our navy elsewhere, you know."

There was a short silence. Then the Prime Minister went on. "One more thing. I've been wanting to say this for a long time, but it would never do for a Britisher to say it where it might be overheard. That phrase of yours about your making stuff for us to shoot. We'll shoot —and be shot at—as long as one of us draws the breath of life, or until that wicked man is burning in hell. But remember there are only 40,000,000 of us against 80,000,000 or more of them. The Bolshies are making things hot for them now, of course, but suppose they don't last? Suppose we had a million men in some continental peninsula or other and the Eastern Front vanished? It did in 1917, you remember. It's just possible we might need some reserves. Americans can shoot, too. Why not shoot some of your own stuff? There are 130,000,000 of you."

"That," said Mr. Roosevelt, waving his hand, "is up to Congress. Besides, I made a campaign pledge—"

"Well," replied Mr. Churchill, tossing his cigar over the rail, "when Congress makes you go back on your pledge, let me know. Meanwhile we'll carry on. Just remember this, though—the closer you come up behind us, the quicker we'll win the war for you. I gather you have *some* sort of stake in our winning it."

"Oh, yes, it's our fight, too. We all know that."

"All I can say is, I hope we don't have to go on fighting it as a government in exile. I don't like the Washington climate."

Mr. Churchill climbed down the ladder, was ferried toward the waiting bomber, and waved his hand at the sailors. Mr. Roosevelt raised his hand and made a V with his fingers. Mr. Churchill stuck up his thumb, jammed his hat down over his eyes and glowered ahead.

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For a Quick Victory

I. *The Secret of Russian Resistance*

TODAY THE EASTERN FRONT has become the decisive theatre of the Second World War. In the Russo-German War the very cause of the Anglo-Saxon powers is at stake: will Russian resistance act as an effective bulwark for Great Britain, and will the accomplishments of the Red Army help the United States to shake off the nightmare of the Hitler menace? Russia's entry into the war has lent new strategic aspects to the Second World War. Today the question is this: how can the Soviet Union actively help to defeat Hitler? In the beginning the conviction prevailed that Russian resistance would collapse within four to six weeks. This theory has already been disproved. Next the opinion was expressed that the Russian resistance might gain time for Britain and the United States only inasmuch as it tied up German forces, but that it had no independent and decisive significance. This theory too has been discarded. Ever since the beginning of the war the Russian Front has yielded one surprise after another. But what does the sum total of these surprises amount to, in a military sense? Today it can be frankly and emphatically stated that Hitler can be beaten on the Russian Front. It is on the Russian Front that the victory of the anti-Hitler coalition over the Third Reich is being prepared.

The experiences gained during the first phase of the Russo-German War can and must be examined. New facts have to be taken into account. The relationship of forces between the German and the Red armies, the quality of both of them, the German and the Russian war plans—today more than mere guesses can be ventured on these points. We can quote facts and make more or less accurate observations and calculations. The further outlook for World War II can now be analyzed with a certain amount of accuracy. The experiences of the Russo-German War ought to be made the subject of immediate study and research, and the results will have tremendous significance for the foreign policy and strategy of the Anglo-Saxon countries.

The excellent war technics of the Red Army have been the first surprise of the Russo-German War. It can no longer be doubted that the Russian airforce, the Russian tank arm and artillery are very much up-to-date. Germany's *Wehrmacht* can boast of no decisive technical and qualitative superiority over the corresponding units of the Red Army in any branch of its armed forces—not even the Luftwaffe, where conditions are relatively most favorable and where the Third Reich could count on a certain qualitative superiority. Altogether the Luftwaffe is somewhat better off than the Russians in ultra-modern fighter planes, and it has a further lead in certain types of craft, for example in dive bombers and destroyers (powerful two-seater pursuit planes). But this is partly counterbalanced by the Russian superiority in other categories, for instance, in assault craft and heavy bombers. So far it has been proved that in the war against Russia the German airforce, so highly rated and feared, has played a comparatively minor role and that its military effectiveness is limited. The failure of the Luftwaffe to bomb military targets in Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev has been noticeable, although conditions for such air attacks are extremely favorable and the distances nominal. Leningrad and Kiev are a mere fifty miles from the front line, Moscow is 200 miles away. This proves the superior quality of Russia's air defenses, of its anti-aircraft artillery and pursuit planes.

There is still less evidence for any superiority in the quality of German tanks. It has by no means been proved that German heavy tanks are better equipped and tactically more efficient than Russian tanks. The Red Army, on the other hand, has a number of tank units which the *Wehrmacht* lacks: amphibian tanks, high-speed tanks, and extra-heavy tanks of a hundred tons and more. That the quality of Russian artillery, especially medium and light artillery, has surpassed all expectations is admitted even by the Germans.

So far the German successes have not been attained through the technical superiority of German arms. They sprang from the advantage of the strategic initiative seized by the *Wehrmacht* with the invasion, and still more from the numerical superiority of the German Army, fully mobilized at the outset, over the semi-mobilized Red Army. That numerical superiority had been especially well prepared in the regions of the decisive German blows. In comparing the effectiveness of German and Soviet offensive arms one must take into account that the Germans have ruthlessly hurled their entire reserves into the battle, while the Red Army has used its offensive arms sparingly.

Mechanized warfare in the German-Soviet conflict must not be judged purely from the engineering, but also from the military, viewpoint. The effect of mechanized warfare can be heightened by tactical skill on the part of the troops involved.

It has already been proved that the Red Army knows how to use every type of weapon, that it has complete mastery of all the complex processes of modern war.

The proof consists chiefly in its successful halting of the German Blitzkrieg. Yet the assault power of this German Blitzkrieg offensive was the greatest any country in military history has ever had to withstand.

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The whole concentrated power of the German Army was hurled against the Soviet Union. The German Army that launched the attack on the Eastern Front was twice as strong as the German forces that won the campaign against the Allies in France, in the West, in the spring of 1940. In the First World War no more than one-third of the German Army was ever concentrated on the Eastern Front, and even that but once, during the great offensive of 1915. At the outbreak of the war in 1914 only one-eighth of the German Army was sent against the Russians. It follows that neither the old Russian Army in the First World War, nor the Allied armies in the Second World War ever had to face this powerful concentration of German forces now marching against the Red Army. Yet the German Blitzkrieg was halted neither by the wide open spaces, nor by the mere mass of the Red Army, but by conscious, purposeful, carefully prepared defense tactics. Motorized infantry, motorized artillery, the air force and tanks worked in coöperation with each other to bring the advancing German Panzer divisions to a halt. It was active defense, employing all offensive arms. This is how Major George Fielding Eliot judged it in the New York Herald Tribune:

> What seems clear enough is that the Russian Army owes its present degree of successes to careful study of German methods of attack, and preparation of the proper plans for dealing with them. For the first time, the Germans have been met by an army trained and equipped, not for the war of 1918, but for the war of 1941. . . . The Germans have been fought to a standstill by an army fighting better and harder than any army which has hitherto faced the thunderous German onset. Defensive positions of resistance capable of all-around defense against infiltrating German attack; camouflage of remarkable skill, enabling the Russian artillery to go on firing despite low flying air-attack; mobile counter-attacks of armored troops, smaller than German Panzer divisions, and handled with skill and determination against the penetrating German Panzer elements —these appear to be ingredients of Russian tactical successes.

Thus Russian defense against the German Blitzkrieg was no accident. It rested on a system, on training. The Russian High Command grasped the secret of German Blitzkrieg and prepared the defense against it in time. German Blitzkrieg is based on a calculation—what kind of arms, how many tanks, planes, assault pioneers, how much artillery and motorized infantry are needed to burst through fortified lines and execute encircling moves, and what tactical procedures must be employed for the purpose? This was opposed, however, by the Russian counter-calculation, arrived at just as methodically—what kind of arms, how many planes, tanks and guns, and how much motorized infantry are needed to isolate and encircle the assaulting enemy tank units, thus bringing the mechanism of Blitzkrieg to a standstill? And what tactical methods must be employed for the purpose? German Blitzkrieg was opposed by Soviet anti-Blitz. And now that the Red Army has found effective means against Hitler's Blitzkrieg, it will grow more and more difficult for the *Wehrmacht* to overcome the Russian anti-Blitz, since the Soviet counter-method rests in the long run on numerical superiority in tanks and infantry.

This is not merely a question of fending off the German motor-mechanized spearheads. The Red Army customarily practices so-called "sly tactics" (that is the literal translation of the term), which are primarily utilized by the infantry. This is a combination of countless traps and surprises for the enemy. The almost humorous German plaints about the "unfair and unchivalrous" combat methods of the Red Army show that these tactics work. There has been in Red Army strategy no trace of that passive and helpless attitude springing from lack of training and imagination, which was partly responsible for the French defeat. (Henri de Kerillis has called this *la crise de l'intelligence* of the French Army.) On the contrary, the soldiers of the Red Army have demonstrated remarkable resourcefulness and adaptability. Their "sly tactics" often perplexed the Germans, and compared to these tactics even German combat methods appeared sometimes rigid and mechanical as if frozen into a pattern.

One must be clear about what the halting of the Blitzkrieg means to German strategy. Blitzkrieg is the core of that strategy—its sole method. It was Blitzkrieg that won in Poland, in France, in the Balkans. But even those earlier wars have shown that the crucial German victories were scored in the initial phase of the campaign. In the Franco-Prussian War, Germany won the decisive battle at Sedan (on September 2, 1870) on the forty-eighth day of the war. In the First World War, Germany won its great victory over the Russians at Tannenberg on the twenty-fifth day of the war; and the peak of the German successes on the Western Front was reached before the Battle of the Marne, approximately on the thirty-second day of the war. In seven weeks of war against the Soviet Union Hitler has scored no comparable successes. In other words: in the war against the Soviet Union, German strategy is not only lagging behind the schedule of all other German campaigns in this Second World War, but it has also fallen short of its schedule in the First World War and in the Franco-Prussian War. Strategically, the failure of German Blitzkrieg finds expression in the lack of major encirclement operations. The *Wehrmacht* has been forced to carry on a frontal battle since the beginning of July, which is precisely the type of operation the German High Command tried to avoid. A war based on frontal operations must be conducted at a different speed and with different, incomparably greater sacrifices than Blitzkrieg with its encirclements. Blitzkrieg has a chance of success only once, and this chance does not return. A war without major encircling moves at the very outset must grow into a protracted

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war between enemies of approximately equal strength.

But German strategy has for years been terrified at the thought of a protracted war against Russia. The *Wehrmacht's* best expert on Soviet Russia is a Colonel von Niedermayer, who was a military observer for the *Reichswehr* in Moscow from 1924 to 1931. In December, 1939, after the signing of the Russo-German Pact he wrote in the *Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, the organ of the General Staff, as follows:

> The Russians were always influenced by their attitude toward Germany, and consequently they looked upon the inevitable war to come as one that would necessarily be of long duration, giving them the opportunity to exert their full effectiveness against an enemy whose situation and forces *compelled* him to seek a swift decision.

According to Niedermayer, the chief reason for the pact with Moscow was Germany's compelling need to avoid such a protracted war with the Soviet Union. This attitude on the part of leading *Wehrmacht* officers was quite in keeping with the whole policy of the *Reichswehr's* creator, General von Seeckt, who as late as 1933, in his book, "Germany Twixt East and West," wrote that "Germany has had to pay dearly for the mistakes in its eastern policy." Von Seeckt warned against conflicts with Russia: "Are we again to be gripped between two enemies?" Even under Hitler the two most eminent *Wehrmacht* leaders, Commander-in-Chief Fritsch and Chief-of-Staff Beck, opposed expansionist efforts in central Europe, because they regarded war with the Soviet Union as the inevitable consequence.

What were the factors on which the leading German generals who still followed Hitler could count? They could not reckon with the superiority of German arms. They were fully aware of the material strength of the Red Army, even though that strength was but inadequately known to Anglo-Saxon experts. The German Panzer divisions around Smolensk are today under the command of General Guderian, the theoretician of German motor-mechanized Blitzkrieg and the outstanding German tank-troop leader. As long ago as late 1935 General Guderian, writing in the *Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, had this to say of the strength of Soviet tank troops:

> The Cavalry Army of Budienny of 1920 has developed into the Panzer Army of Voroshilov of 1935. Ten thousand tanks, 150,000 military tractors and over 100,000 military motor vehicles of various kinds put the Red Army at the head of all European armies in the matter of motorization.

The only possible hope of the German military leaders in this war was the superiority of German strategy. There was no other advantage on which they could count. Their plan for swift defeat of the Red Army in the field had to rest on the advantage of the strategic initiative, on the fast pace of Blitzkrieg. This plan has miscarried.

It is, therefore, important to make a direct comparison between German and Soviet strategy. Both proceed from modern mobile and material warfare, and both put the offensive to the fore. But Russian strategy rejects the concept of Blitzkrieg against a strong enemy. As the organ of the Soviet General Staff put it:

> Modern warfare is not like a boxing match in which the better man knocks out his opponent suddenly with one blow. In war an uninterrupted flow of strength and energy is necessary in order to beat the enemy to his knees. (Red Star, August, 1935.)

Another difference is that German strategy knows only the Blitzkrieg version of the offensive, while Russian strategy operates with a combination of active defense *and* the offensive.

It must on no account be concluded from the first phase of the German-Soviet war that the Russian High Command has renounced the offensive. Long before its German counterpart, Soviet strategy projected the picture of the modern battle of annihilation—the battle in depth, operating with encirclement tactics and the coöperation of all arms branches. The Soviet Union is waging a true war of annihilation against the Third Reich. There can be no question that the Soviet High Command has both the will and the plan for an offensive.

It must be assumed that the Red Army command likewise possesses the material means and reserves for such a great offensive. Unquestionably it has numerical superiority in tanks and infantry. It has meanwhile rallied great reserves and holds them ready. Except in the bombardment of the Rumanian oil fields, the heavy-bombardment aviation of the Russians has not yet gone into action. And Russian aviation numbers the highest percentage of heavy bombers of any air force in the world—20 percent of its total strength. It seems plausible that the great Soviet air offensive will be timed to coincide with the coming offensive on land. Similarly the fast Soviet tank units—the so-called long-range tank units designed to operate against enemy rear communications—have not yet been thrown into the battle. Nor has the bulk of the Soviet tank reserves as yet gone into action. So far the Russians seem to have used tanks rather sparingly, chiefly on the defensive—all Red Army reserves have been carefully husbanded. This bespeaks the cold-bloodedness and far-sightedness of the Red Army command, as well as its determination to assemble a powerful strategic reserve for use in the great decisive counter-offensive to come. In all likelihood the moment for the Russian counter-offensive will be chosen at the time when the enemy's offensive arms and effectives have been gravely weakened.

How were the deceptions concerning the real strength of the Red Army possible? They were the consequence of inadequate factual knowledge, of con-

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servatism in the military thinking of the Western powers, and of a number of prejudices. Actually it has been possible for many years to get at the important facts about the strength of the Red Army. The French Air Mission that visited the Soviet Union in 1936 included some of the outstanding French air experts and it published important data. According to these, Soviet warplane production had reached at least 8,000 units a year even by 1935-36. (These data were confirmed at the time by the German air expert, Colonel von Bülow.) Yet since that time the increase in Soviet plane production has averaged betwen 30 and 40 percent a year. Breguet, the famous French aircraft engineer who was a member of that mission, described how warplanes in the Soviet Union were produced on the conveyor belt system, like automobiles in France. It must be kept in mind that the capacity of Soviet tank production is just about unlimited. The whole of Soviet tractor capacity—some 200,000 units annually in recent years—was geared to the mass production of tanks. As long ago as 1935 and 1937 the French General Loizeau and the British General Martel (now commander of the British Armored Corps) made significant revelations concerning the strength of the Soviet tank arm and the quality of the troops that manned it. Both of them witnessed the Russian maneuvers of 1935-36 as members of military missions.

Another important factor is the adequate and powerful economic basis for the Red Army. Here too the German foes of tomorrow, with an acute sense of perception, saw more clearly than the Allies. The high technical quality of Russian arms, as revealed in the present war, came as a surprise to many. But as long ago as August, 1936, the Berlin *Börsen-Zeitung*, mouthpiece of the German War Ministry, wrote:

> The defects and weaknesses of the Russian economic system as a whole do not apply in the same degree to the war industries. Nothing but first-class materials and highly skilled workers and technically highly developed industrial resources are ever used to satisfy military requirements.

The Germans correctly observed that almost the entire process of Soviet industrialization served the purposes of a powerful rearmament. The same issue of the *Börsen-Zeitung* stated:

> Soviet Russia's economic policy is guided almost exclusively by military considerations. . . . The real aims of the economic five-year plans lie chiefly in the satisfaction of military demands in peacetime, and in the preparation of industry as a whole to cope with greatly increased military requirements in wartime.

The most exhaustive work on Soviet war economy was a book entitled "The Motorization Potential of the Soviet Union," written by Dr. Ernst Haudann and published in Hamburg in 1937. This is what Dr. Haudann had to say about the Soviet accumulations of arms and reserves:

> The means to bridge the transitional period and satisfy the enormously increased demands of the first war months lie in the accumulation of arms, supplies and reserves of every possible kind; and this is being done on a wide scale in the Soviet Union.

Authoritative German sources years ago insisted that the Soviet Union had prepared well for the shifting of its entire industry to war production, and that this mobilization was likely to be carried out smoothly—the Soviet Union does not know any "business as usual" problem. As Colonel von Belli wrote in the organ of the German General Staff: "Measures to insure industrial mobilization for war are greatly facilitated if there is already strict government control in peacetime. This is true, above all, of Soviet Russia."

And the well known German journalist, A. Just, who had been a Moscow correspondent for years, wrote: "The transition from peace to war will probably be easier for the Soviet Union than for any other country in the world."

Of course, the fortunes of war are fickle. Certainly the German Army is likely to continue to put forward titanic efforts in order to win the maximum of success. The Red Army is threatened neither by a shortage of material nor by a break-down of supply lines. But it is menaced by the concentrated power of Hitler's entire *Wehrmacht*. It is quite possible that the *Wehrmacht* will achieve important successes in the field, nor must serious reverses for the Red Army be ruled out—for Hitler is staking his all. Yet no *Wehrmacht* successes can alter the basic facts about Russian resistance. The Red Army cannot be knocked out with a single blow. The Red Army is an army of high morale and combat power with modern arms and inexhaustible economic and human resources; and such an army cannot be beaten by another army with smaller reserves in manpower and arms that are no stronger. The Red Army not only has a chance for successful resistance; it has a chance for victory.

It must be clearly kept in mind what the Red Army means to the anti-Hitler coalition as a whole. It is an army that is modern in structure, with strong fire power and great mobility, tactically efficient, strategically realistic, and possessed of a tremendous offensive potential. The Red Army offers to the anti-Hitler coalition the only possible chance for victory, as far as large-scale continental warfare is concerned. Perhaps in the not too distant future we shall be able to say that it offers the certainty of victory.

The Anglo-Saxon powers have it within their power to achieve a quick victory in collaboration with the Soviet Union.

MAX WERNER

In a subsequent article, Mr. Werner will show how the Anglo-Saxon powers have the opportunity to achieve a quick victory in collaboration with the Soviet Union.—THE EDITORS.

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Vichy: The Failure of Appeasement

OF ALL THE OUTRAGEOUS ATTEMPTS of the State Department to finger the strings of Hitler's willing puppets, the appeasement of Vichy has been the most amazingly unstatesmanlike.

From the earliest moments of the Vichy regime, it was apparent that Marshal Petain was the prisoner of Hitler. This was recognized in the freezing of the French funds; it was confirmed by the initial constitutional decrees of Petain, which Thomas Reveille, in his book, "The Spoil of Europe," shows to be exact copies of National Socialist laws. These anti-Semitic, anti-labor laws were the natural expression of the spirit of the leaders of Vichy: of Petain, the friend of Franco and the close associate of Hitler's gunmen in France, the Cagoulards; of Weygand, the fanatic Jesuit and fascist sympathizer; of Henry-Haye, Vichy's ambassador in Washington, and the spiritual leader of the Fifth Column in the United States, now that Fritz Weidemann has departed. One Washington columnist is said to have accumulated sufficient evidence of Henry-Haye's Nazi activities to turn him out of this country; publication of this evidence has been withheld—on request.

From the earliest days of Vichy, our policy has been at best stupid, at worst pro-Nazi. When Weygand was at Tours, bulldozing the French Government into begging for an armistice by the lying argument that the Communists had seized power in Paris, that power was actually for the moment in the hands of Ambassador Bullitt. It then became the State Department's admitted policy to strengthen the influence of Marshal Petain. We sank deeply into intrigues over the activities of the uncouth Laval. We broke the British blockade in the Mediterranean. We served Hitler well, both in discouraging the growth of genuine resistance to German domination and in helping to keep in power a regime whose purpose is to transform the democracy of France into a wretched segment of Hitler's empire.

What a brilliant success our policy has been!

We claim to have neutralized Petain and Weygand during the Syrian campaign. The claim is absurd. A dispatch in The New York Herald Tribune of August 8 confirms the story that 12,000 troops were sent by Vichy through occupied France and the Balkans to Syria. They reached Salonika, after being stoned by their fellow Frenchmen, but were unable to go further. Vichy's services to Hitler have not been insignificant. Before he surrendered, General Dentz succeeded in killing 1,200 British troops and an equal number of his own countrymen who fought beside them; according to The Herald Tribune, he sank all the remaining British ships in Syrian ports and transferred all the other ships and planes in his possession to the Axis, in direct violation of the Armistice which he had signed.

We claim to have neutralized the French Navy. That claim also, is absurd. If the French Navy has been kept from firing upon the British, it has been not because of Admiral Darlan's love of America, but because of the hatred of Hitler among French sailors, a hatred Darlan has been unable to destroy. Even the complicity of our democracy with Hitler's friends in France cannot break the spirit of these men, who have long been as pro-democratic as some of their officers have been pro-fascist. As for the French merchant ships, the State Department admits it is true, as the British government says, that 1,500,000 tons of the French Merchant Marine has been placed under the control of the German Armistice Commission and used to carry vital raw materials from Africa to Germany through occupied France.

We claim to have prevented the French naval bases from falling under Hitler's control. Who knows whether this is true? A French officer just arrived in America, has stated that the Germans are rearming Weygand and that there are 400 German technicians in Casablanca. It is believed that one reason for high shipping losses in the South Atlantic is the reports on British convoys given to Vichy by French air patrols operating from Dakar. Yet in an article from Washington in The New York Times of August 8, so obviously "inspired" that it is painful to read, it is stated that Berlin is really very angry with Weygand, and that the supplies which have been sent to Weygand have consisted "largely of materials to keep the Arabs from being discontented." The discontent of the Arabs is doubtless a common fear in the minds of Weygand and Robert Murphy, the State Department's "ace diplomat," who shares so many of his views.

We claim to have assisted Vichy in maintaining the French empire. The heroic resistance of Vichy to the Japanese seizure of Indo-China is the latest testimony to our success.

Our story of appeasement ends, not with a bang but a whimper. "We have . . . consistently conveyed to the French Government our understanding of the difficulties of their position . . . We have aided in the furnishing of foodstuffs for unoccupied France . . . We have facilitated the passage of ships from this hemisphere to France's African colonies . . . We have collaborated in maintaining the integrity of the French possessions in the western hemisphere . . . We have arranged for the maintenance of the economic stability of the French North African territories . . . We have given the most sympathetic consideration to the financial problems arising out of the freezing of French funds. It has been the determined policy of this government

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to continue friendly and helpful coöperation . . . it would seem scarcely believable that the French Government at Vichy should adopt the policy of collaboration with other powers for the purpose of aggression and oppression." This statement was made by the Secretary of State of the United States less than two months ago.

But now, it appears, we face the dawn of a new day. After the seizure of Indo-China, we have been "impelled to question whether the French Government at Vichy" is sincere. In the ambiguous ending of Mr. Welles' statement of August 2, we are asked to see a new policy, one of coöperation by the United States with local authorities who oppose foreign domination —including, presumably, the Free French Governors of Syria, New Caledonia and French Equatorial Africa. It must be added that since we already possess consulates at Beirut, Noumea and Leopoldville, it would be difficult to do anything else.

As long ago as August 7, 1940, Free France was in effect recognized by the British Government when, in an exchange of letters with General de Gaulle, Churchill gave his assurance that the French empire would be restored to freedom. The British have not formally recognized de Gaulle as spokeman for a government in exile, because de Gaulle has asked that no such government be recognized until it is elected by the French people. But the British have recognized de Gaulle as Commander-in-Chief of the Free French, and his Council of Defense of the French Empire as an authority with power to negotiate treaties. We, in contrast, are officially unaware of de Gaulle's existence.

If we are to retain any respect among the peoples not only of France but of England, we must follow Churchill's lead. We must free ourselves of the old rigid, black and white conceptions of belligerency and non-belligerency, recognition and non-recognition, which Hitlerian diplomacy destroyed years ago. We must aid all forces which are fighting Hitler. We should at the very least recognize the existence of the Free French as responsible authorities and receive their delegation in Washington; we should cement that recognition in an exchange of letters similar to Churchill's. We should at once extend aid under the lease-lend authority to the Council of the French Empire, and include representatives of the Council in our conversations with the British and their allies. If we want to maintain a listening post in Vichy, and permit an additional listening post for Hitler in Washington, then we can maintain relations with Vichy on that basis, with no further obligations and no pretense that we are dealing with a free agent.

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Hormones, Enzymes and Vitamins

REMARKABLE NEW DISCOVERIES about the chemical reactions of the human body have recently been coming out of the scientists' laboratories. Already, these researches have brought us ways of fighting a number of heretofore baffling diseases, including several deadly ones. They have also greatly increased our knowledge of the mysterious vital processes which underly all living matter.

These researches have to do with three substances which were completely unknown only a few years ago, and some of the most important facts have been unearthed in recent months and even weeks. The substances are the hormones, those tremendously powerful chemicals secreted in the body by the endocrine glands; the enzymes, which turn one chemical substance into another without themselves being affected in the process; and the vitamins, the agencies in our food which, although they exist in extremely minute quantities and most of them have been identified only within the past few years, are absolutely essential to the well being of every living organism, plant and animal, including man. The exciting new development that is just coming forward in science is the extremely close relationship among the hormones, enzymes and vitamins, a relationship which bids fair to upset many of our ideas.

Among them, these magic chemicals maintain an extraordinary control over the body and a balance among forces so powerful that any of them could be destructive if they went unchecked. Some scientists describe this system of checks and balances by saying that the genes, broadly speaking, bring the body into existence and then turn over to these chemicals the main task of keeping it in successful operation. (This is, of course, a greatly simplified statement.)

Let me list briefly some of the seemingly miraculous ways in which such a physiological organism as man escapes the pitfalls of nature, ways for most of which his internal chemical organization must be thanked. Life began in the sea, and when man came ashore (in whatever primitive form he did so) he greatly increased his freedom of movement by coming out of the class of the amphibians, animals which to live must be constantly or frequently immersed in water. Again, he liberated himself still farther (I am borrowing freely here from Dr. Walter B. Cannon, Professor of Physiology at Harvard Medical School and recently President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science) when he developed the wonderful machinery which keeps the body temperature at 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit the year around. He possesses an extraordinary ability to maintain an extremely delicate chemical balance. The blood is mildly alkaline; a slight

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shift to acidity would produce coma and death; an equally slight shift in the other direction, to greater alkalinity, would mean convulsions. Again, the degree of sugar in the blood is held within definite limits. If there were less, you would have convulsions and coma. If there were more, the results would be equally serious, and nature has therefore provided a safety valve through which excess sugar is withdrawn promptly by means of the kidneys. In violent exercise, all these dangers apparently increase. The muscles release heat and create poisonous acids and the blood sugar is depleted; yet athletes do not have coma or convulsions. They pant and their heart beat is increased, providing extra oxygen to carry off the acid waste. Surplus starch which has been stored in the liver is turned into sugar and restores the normal level of the blood. The temperature is maintained, usually within less than a degree.

To make sure that the machine will function properly, we have a huge margin of safety. We have two kidneys although we need only one, and a far longer intestine than is necessary. We could get along if we had to on one lung, one-half the thyroid and one-half the pancreas. Nature has provided this surplus machinery and has made all these intricate operations automatic. If this were not true, if we had to perform these functions with a conscious effort of the will, we should have no time or energy for anything else. There would be no poetry, painting, music, philosophy, exploration; and on the other hand, no wars, book-burnings, or dogmatic sectarianism.

In these marvelous body functions and many others, the three groups of magic chemicals mentioned above play a key part. Before I discuss their relationship to one another, it is necessary to say a few words about them individually. I shall begin with the hormones.

Scattered through the human body are a group of seven endocrine glands or pairs of glands, extremely small in view of their enormous task in the maintenance of life and vigor. These glands secrete a number of substances: science does not know just how many, though it is sure that some of the glands produce several different secretions. These chemicals, the hormones, are released into the blood stream and circulate throughout the body. Some of them go from one endocrine gland to another and set off at the necessary point new hormones of the utmost importance. Among them, they create for the whole organism the system of checks and balances already mentioned, which is certainly one of the most remarkable things in all nature. How remarkable it is we can judge from what happens when any of these secretions goes wrong, as to either excess or insufficiency.

Did you ever see a hopeless idiot in an asylum? I have, and I advise you to avoid the sight if possible. Yet the difference between yourself and the dreadful spectacle of one of the common types of subnormal being, with head lolling, eyes unfocused, tongue extended, lacking memory, reason and the ability to perform unaided more than the simplest acts, is at any one time about a thousandth of an ounce of thyroxin, the secretion of the thyroid gland in your throat.

Some people are born with the thyroid gland impaired or almost wholly absent; for such victims science as yet knows no permanent cure. They are usually doomed to a life-time of idiocy or imbecility, according to the degree of deprivation. But there are others in whom the thyroid is inefficient only in that it is unable to create the necessary minute quantity of thyroxin from the available materials, of which iodine is by far the most important. These creatures exhibit the outward signs of varying degrees of the impairment mentioned above; but if, in early infancy, they are fed thyroxin or the dried thyroid gland, extracted from animals, an amazing change takes place. They become as vigorous and intelligent, within broad limits, as anybody else. This improvement is maintained as long as treatments at frequent intervals continue; but withhold the thyroxin for a few weeks and a tragic change takes place. The eye grows dull, the manner listless, memory and ambition depart and the proud and active man or woman of a short time ago shrinks into a human vegetable, unable to maintain his place in society.

(Suggestion for a short-story writer: a young man who is a victim of thyroid deficiency and always carries with him several weeks' supply of thyroxin, takes an ocean voyage, where he meets and falls in love with a young woman, to whom he does not reveal his secret. The ship is wrecked; the engaged couple are cast away on a barren island. His supply of thyroxin dwindles rapidly and he knows that unless something happens, within a few weeks he will change before the eyes of his beloved into a repulsive, subhuman monster.)

Iodine, the most important ingredient in thyroxin, is found widely scattered through the world, on the land and in the sea. There are, however, certain areas of the earth's surface where it is lacking. In these areas the thyroid gland works harder than ever to take advantage of such iodine as exists. It works so hard that in many cases it increases its "conversion plant" into the form of a disfiguring goiter. Science now knows that if iodine is artificially added to the drinking water in these areas, or if iodized table salt is used, not only goiter but other types of thyroid disturbance can be avoided. Either directly, or indirectly through its effect on other glands, the thyroid exerts a powerful influence on the individual's state of well being. People who have unwarranted states of depression or exhilaration, lasting for long periods, often suffer from malfunctioning thyroid glands.

Another gland which seems to possess magic powers is the pituitary, situated deep within the skull. Among its important functions, the pituitary controls the growth of the organism. With too little of one or more of its secretions, the individual is a dwarf; too much, and he is a giant. Sometimes these characteristics can be trans-

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mitted through the genes; that is, the quality of having an over-active or under-active pituitary may be hereditary. Science believes that Pekinese dogs are a type of hereditary dwarf so to speak, and that Great Danes are hereditary giants. The bulldog, with his underslung jaw, is also an hereditary type of pituitary abnormality called acromegalism.

The pituitary is sometimes called the master gland because it is apparently the leader of the endocrine orchestra. Hormones from the pituitary go to the other glands and awaken them into activity. Indeed, science is moving more and more to the view that all the glands interact upon one another. The old theory of completely individual functioning is being steadily discarded in the light of new knowledge.

Another remarkable function of the pituitary is its role as the "mother love" gland. Nature has provided in every living organism a marvelous master clock arrangement whereby at the proper time in the course of the individual's development, the proper responses are brought forth. Thus in the human cycle the sex glands begin to operate at thirteen or fourteen years of age, hair appears on the face of the male in most races at eighteen or twenty, and so on. When the female has produced her offspring, there is an increase in the secretion of a pituitary hormone which helps to produce the mother's devotion to the infant which will cause her to sacrifice her own interests, even her life if necessary, to protect her baby.

That this is true has been shown by numerous experiments such as those of Dr. Oscar Riddle of the Carnegie Institution Genetics Laboratory, in which the pituitary secretion has been artificially administered in abnormally large amounts. Under this excessive stimulus, a young chicken not old enough in the normal cycle to lay eggs, will manifest all the characteristics of a broody hen. So will an old hen, long past her chick-raising period. Even males, injected with the hormone, will show the same characteristics. A pituitary hormone has been isolated which has been used with a high percentage of success to increase an inadequate milk supply among nursing mothers.

Among the most important hormones are those connected with sex. It is not true, as was once supposed, that men secrete only the male hormone and women only the female. Various male and female hormones are secreted by every individual of whichever sex. In the normal male, the masculine secretions predominate and in the normal female, the feminine ones. When an individual shows characteristics of the opposite sex, when a man is effeminate or a woman has masculine traits, this is probably not due to a lack of the normal secretions appropriate to the sex of the individual, but results from an excessive secretion of the opposite hormones. The adrenal gland plays an important role here.

Recent as is our knowledge of the hormones, already they are being used in important practical ways. I have already mentioned the marvelous rebuilding of personality through thyroxin. Adrenalin, from the adrenal glands, is in wide use as a powerful heart stimulant. Estrone, one of the female sex hormones, is injected to relieve the mental and physical symptoms which occur in women during the menopause. Testosterone, a male sex hormone, is similarly used to relieve enlargement of the prostate gland.

Hormones sometimes have a remarkable effect when injected into the veins of persons of the opposite sex. Thus in some cases women suffering from functional disturbance of the reproductive system have been greatly helped by injections of testosterone. In some instances, such injections seem to relieve the symptoms of uterine tumors, though without curing the tumors themselves. Apparently all these conditions are associated with an excess in the woman's body of female sex hormones, and this is counterbalanced by injections of the male secretion.

Some doctors have discovered what appears to be a parallel case regarding cancer of the prostate gland in men. This is sometimes relieved, though not cured, by injections of the female sex hormone, theelin. The scientists believe that here again the cancer may be associated with overactivity of the male sex element, and that this is cut down by artificial addition of the female hormone.

As stated above, the secretions of the hormones, and especially the pituitary, control the rhythms of human and animal behavior, rhythms which vary with the seasons and with age. When the poet wrote "In the spring, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," this was just another way of saying, "In the spring, one of the pituitary secretions, gonadotropin, increases, thereby influencing the secretion of testosterone and other sex hormones." When the time clock of the genes tell us, around the age of fifty, that the mating period of life is coming to a close, it does so by altering the ratio of some of these endocrine secretions.

A few years ago, when work on the endocrine glands was still in its early stages, some people believed that we could change our characteristics, and indeed our whole personality, by consuming the proper amounts of the proper hormones, extracted from animals or produced synthetically. If you were timid, you could take adrenalin to make you brave, and so on. Science is no longer so confident about these possibilities, except in the special case of thyroid deficiency already mentioned. We realize now that personality is the result of many and complex factors—family relationships in infancy, poverty or wealth, one's past emotional history, accidental contacts with other people of strong or weak character and so on. In regard to the hormones themselves, not all of them have been isolated in pure form and there may still be important ones of which we know nothing. Another point is that the interaction of the hormones on each other, as already mentioned, is

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more important than was at first believed. It turns out that there is no royal road to a magnificent character, after all. Good health is certainly important, and it is based partly on proper functioning of the glands and an adequate amount of all the vitamins; but once you have gone this far, the rest of the road is a matter of heredity, training, example and conscience, just as it always has been.

We come now to the second in our group of body chemicals, the enzymes. Although their remarkable effects have been known for a long time, the enzymes themselves were discovered only recently. More than two hundred have been identified and about seven have been isolated in crystalline form; yet it is probable that we are only now beginning to realize their importance. The enzymes are fundamental to all life; they are the first stage in complexity in the organization of matter that appears above the atom and the molecule. They act on one chemical to turn it into another without themselves being altered or destroyed in the process. This action, called catalysis, is the fundamental procedure that underlies all life. In the human body the enzymes take food and turn it into the exact chemicals required for the maintenance of the organism in the exact amounts needed; the body, with uncanny precision, discards any surplus, using some of the endocrine glands to do so.

One of the mysteries of nature is what it is that activates an enzyme, that does not exist in its chemical constituents separately. For example, there is an enzyme called trypsin, secreted by the pancreas and then passed along into the small intestine. It helps in the process of digestion which is itself of course a form of catalysis. Trypsin is formed from another chemical substance which is inert, possessing none of the digestive power. Place some of this substance in a test tube and introduce even the minutest amount of actual trypsin and it will, little by little, "digest" the entire contents of the test tube into a replica of itself.

The third of the body chemicals is the vitamins, of which so much has been heard, and quite properly, in the last few years. Most people nowadays are aware that there are at least fifteen of these substances which we require in our food, the lack of which can do us great harm. Deficiency of one or another of the vitamins causes a long list of diseases and disorders in animals and men, including baldness, premature gray hair, skin lesions, night blindness, gastro-intestinal disturbances, scurvy, rickets, acute mental depression, hemorrhages, shaking palsy, reproductive disorders (in animals), some forms of paralysis, neuritis and pellagra. There have been reports, not yet fully confirmed or generally accepted, that vitamin deficiency may increase susceptibility to infantile paralysis and may be responsible for some forms of cancer.

The remarkable fact which is just coming into the consciousness of the research experts is that as suggested above, hormones, enzymes and vitamins are tied together in a close relationship. The riddle is not yet wholly solved, but we are moving toward the solution. For example, hormones and vitamins are surprisingly similar in the effects that deficiency of some of them may cause. In laboratory experiments, offspring produced by parents from whose diet some of the vitamins are lacking are monsters not dissimilar to those born with inadequate hormone-producing machinery. In human beings, depressed mental states are brought about by insufficiency of thiamin (Vitamin B_1) and nicotinic acid. Such states are also created by inadequate functioning of the endocrine glands, and especially the thyroid and pituitary. Indeed, there are a number of diseased states which could be due to hormone malfunctioning or vitamin insufficiency, or both.

Here are some of the other striking parallels on which science is now at work:

Some of the vitamins in the B complex are so closely bound up in the work of the enzymes that scientists have begun to call them "vitazymes."

Thiamin is practically identical with a substance known as cocarboxylase, which is part of the enzyme system, employed in breaking down carbohydrates for use in the body.

The parathyroid gland regulates the building of the bony structure, through control of the storage of calcium. Vitamin D works to the same end, and a very large dose of this vitamin tends to produce the same effect on the body as does a dose of the parathyroid hormone.

Riboflavin, Vitamin B_2, is part of the so-called "yellow enzyme" which permits oxidation, the addition of oxygen, to take place in yeast.

In the Vitamin B complex there is a factor, not yet isolated by name, which in laboratory experiments protects rats from the harm done by a diet of the whites of eggs. This factor in the B complex is identical with part of the enzyme system, known as coenzyme R, which is needed for nitrogen fixation in plants. This substance is also the same as biotin, which is needed for the growth of yeast.

From the cortex of the adrenal gland many compounds have been isolated. Some scientific workers have recommended that two of these, corticosterone and desoxy, should be given to hospital patients before serious operations to help resist shock and the poisons from injured tissues. Some of the vitamins perform similar functions and are used in the same way.

The vitamin which, in laboratory experiments on animals, has restored gray hair to black seems to be identical with a chemical called paraminobenzoic acid. This also acts as an enzyme in the growth processes of bacteria.

Enzymes are divided into several groups according to their function. One of these is the "respiratory enzymes," which help us to derive energy from the intake

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of oxygen. It is a notable fact that several of these respiratory enzymes or groups of them contain one or another of the three important vitamins, thiamin, riboflavin and nicotinic acid.

Scientific workers have been interested in studying the relations among hormones, vitamins and fatigue states. Preliminary studies seem to show that exercise leads to changes in the function of the adrenal gland. It has also been found that subnormal amounts of thiamin lead to neurasthenic symptoms of which fatigue and lassitude are among the most conspicuous. It is quite possible that the adrenal hormones and thiamin both act in similar ways upon the fundamental mechanism of the cells.

A line of inquiry of great importance has to do with the theory that some types of cancer may result from the lack of certain vitamins, or an inability of the body to handle them properly. There is a dye, used in Japan to impart a yellow color to butter substitutes, which causes tumors in some people or animals who have had a diet lacking in parts of the vitamin B complex. Cancerous tissue is sometimes abnormal in containing far larger or smaller amounts of enzymes than do healthy parts of the body. The way in which cancerous tissue utilizes oxygen is markedly different from that of normal tissue, as recent studies at Cornell Medical College and the New York City Memorial Hospital have shown. Some vitamins also play an important part in the way the cells use oxygen, and a bridge may some day be established here that will be of the greatest importance.

To sum up: it seems certain that science is just on the brink of far-reaching discoveries among hormones, enzymes and vitamins—discoveries which at one bound may take us forward into a new world of scientific knowledge and of physical and mental health. It is unthinkable that resemblances and identities among these three types of chemical bodies should be so numerous without a causal relationship. When we have filled in the remaining gaps in our knowledge, we may find that the relation among vitamins, enzymes and hormones is far closer than science now suscepts. We may then see a more intimate relationship than ever before between the worlds of plants and animals: already we know that many vitamins essential for the health of animals occur in plants, and in at least one instance, that of thiamin, animal and plant are alike in requiring it from an outside source. These mysterious agents of growth ought to solve for us the mystery of how the cells multiply. If they do, we can probably put an end to the menace of cancer and other diseases involving cellular structure: and what in the long run is more important, we shall come far closer to the heart of the mystery of life itself.

BRUCE BLIVEN

This is one of a series under the general title, "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research scientists.

To the Promissory Land: III

The Man Who Invented Hollywood

"OH, BERTIE," the producer said, calling to a fellow in a quiet purple sport coat he had picked out of the people milling back and forth past the Royal, or producer's, alcove in the commissary. The fellow waved and came over. He was wearing a loose-knotted silk scarf to match, some kind of orange mixture. "Bertie, I wonder if I could usurp upon you for a minute of your time."

"Why not," Bertie said, was introduced to the other two of us and sat down.

"My stomach, picture such a way to live," the producer said, picking vindictively with his fork at a vegetable salad in front of him. "But from a nervous wreck; you should hear my doctor, Bertie. A talker."

"A vegetable salad," Bertie said.

The producer picked up a Rye Krispy, started to put it in his mouth, then tossed it back onto the plate in disgust. "And relatives. I could count twenty of them for you. Worries? Bertie, you have a pleasant life; do not ever become a producer two days behind on schedule, Bertie. What was I saying?"

"Maybe that Hays office item came through?" Bertie said.

"Exactly, the Office. We get no okay on the word 'guts,' they don't care if it was in the Prime Minister's speech, all the papers, they don't have any interest we take it letter for letter from the Bible. Bertie, we got to have a double for that word, I look squarely up to you on it, Bertie."

"Synonym, eh?" Bertie said, and covered his eyes with one hand.

"I tried to give it to them fast, Bertie. But it's out; we got to rewrite in that scene by tomorrow, because Stage Four is. . . ." The producer broke off as a waitress came up. "Here, Sadie, you can take away the bottom of the garden here, before I become sick. Bring me a glass of milk," the producer said. He was giving it the hemlock-cup routine, as my friend pointed out. But afterwards. My friend had come to lunch because he thought SK maybe had something cooking for him.

"A tough one, SK," Bertie said, taking his hand away from his head long enough to shake it.

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My friend suggested three synonyms in rapid succession. The producer made no acknowledgment but kept a weary eye on Bertie and waited for his milk. He was the man who might have something cooking.

"Tell you what," Bertie finally said. "I'll take it over to my office and kick it around. Call you back five at the latest—it's a tough one, strictly a phraseroo, but we'll work around it yet."

"O. K.," SK said, "terrific." His milk came and he drank it listlessly.

"You see that guy, that writer?" my friend said when he had left the producer to his production afterwards. "Get him, will you. He should be spending the afternoon working on a synonym for the word guts—that son of a bitch is on the payroll for two-five, *two-five*." SK hadn't had anything cooking after all. A crime, it stinks but with a sound-track. "But in *technicolor*," my friend said, and we began figuring roughly what it was going to cost the company for a rewrite around the word guts, which had also probably taken a third of a day to write in in the first place. A third of a day, not including lunch hour and producer's stomach, or indigestion, on the time of a $2,500-a-week writer. One-third of one-sixth of two-thousand-five. That, we agreed, is Hollywood for you.

And in a sense it is Hollywood for you. It is always there, not a thing of invented slander because the inventors are never rich enough in imagination. I call it the work of the man who invented Hollywood, though actually his patent is only that he lives there in a sort of crazy legend. He gives out with the Hollywood time of day, but he is in a relative minority and while he may be considered a peculiar and flamboyant type of yeast, he is not even a slice of the whole loaf of pictures. What he does is simply better gossip than gossip of work done, a hard day put in and home for supper. What he does may be fantastic, shrewd or stupid in brass; but it is a mark to shoot at, and in any industry so raw and vast and suddenly full of beans, he sets a style.

It is Hollywood all right, or the part of Hollywood that is show business—which originally came from somewhere else. Show business has always had its own secret fast talk and methods of practice and high pressure, and it is still unknown country to nearly every innocent who sits out front, or maybe even gets backstage afterwards and reads Leonard Lyons on what certainly never happened at Sardi's (his scout picked it up in Walgreen's basement), or maybe even reads Variety thinking how quaintly. A few writers like John O'Hara get into the thing and manage to bring it back as it is for stories, and then even the large-bore intellects read what is written there and come up with various startling interpretations of the subconscious.

But Hollywood is a part of show business grown immense above all others and precedents. And the talk of its back stairs is already nationwide copy. The town is always rocking with accounts of so-and-so speaking to such-and-such and the great sounding board of a thousand typewriters sends as much of it out to the land as will bear print, which is unfortunately only a part of it even when it is true. The bulk of it travels by uncensored grapevine, in club cars and across coffee-pot counters, so that a fellow who got on the Chief for Chicago just as the really big scandal of the last year was in its first morning of being whispered, was asked in Chicago, a day later in New Orleans, a day later in Miami, by porters and cabdrivers and friends and airport help, always behind a hand, almost with a wink, a nudge: Look, on the level, just *how* did he. . . . While back on the Coast, to bring the story full circle, the executives of the studio concerned fired the guy the morning after it "happened" and wrote him back on the books hastily in the afternoon when his secretary uncovered the damaging fact that he had actually been in New York on business the whole week.

Writers and directors, the good hard-working kind, don't know whether to laugh or cry; but the story usually ends up by being funny. The story is about the newest effrontery, the latest bucket of gall to be poured on; and to live any time at all in the Hollywood legend it must have that true fantasy which is only achieved when the absurd and impossible is surprised in life. The man concerned isn't Sam Goldwyn, though Goldwyn is a name to put on the syndicate wires for any joke in broken English, just as Mae West naturally appears as the heroine of any story with a bosom in it. You don't ever quite know who he is. It is because as a collective personality he is always mysterious and just around some other corner—you hear more about him than you ever see. He is the producer who shows his new house, rapping with both authority and pride on the expensive wood of each reproduction: "Imitation, get it? Strictly a phony." He is the writer out of work who gets insulted by a friend's offer to get him a thousand a week, he is a one-five man by definition, a friend shouldn't talk so. So the friend tells him hold the wire, he'll see what he can do and finally comes back on the phone almost gleeful: if the writer will come to the studio right now, it will be fixed for $1,250, just hustle right over. "What?" the writer screams. "You're asking me I should come to a lousy studio and get locked out of my *room*?"

Or: the writer knew the producer was touchy even for a producer, and the picture just screened for him was so awful there was nothing to say, so he circled the yes-men around the producer as the lights came up and ducked out without saying anything. Next day he was cut dead in the commissary, but dead. This would have been a little funny only he worked for the guy, so he waited a week and got an audience.

"Look, Chief, isn't my work all right, what's with all this air cooling I get?"

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The producer looked out the window, but the picture was already a week old and part of the past, so he was merely sad. "Larry, I screen a picture, you show no manners. Even a dog would bark to get out the door, not you."

"Well, Chief, what can I do? I just didn't *like* the picture."

The producer started to pound the desk and then went back to looking Old Patron Betrayed again. "Larry," he said, "the very least, you could have *told* me you liked it." And he wasn't fooling.

Or he isn't anybody but just a general state of affairs, such as the red warning balloon someone sold Twentieth Century-Fox, and how it would cost a fortune to maintain but would keep planes away from the area where their motor noise would be ruinous to sound track, and how from then until this minute every plane that got in the air within a fifty-mile radius would first come roaring over to see what the hell the thing was and then begin to use it as a pylon. Or such as the state of affairs sneak previews were getting into. Producers claimed that rival studios would inevitably hear of such a christening and pack the house with the aunts, nephews and kitchen help of everybody on their payroll all loaded up with a blank pan for the laugh lines and snickers for the climax. This didn't affect the public and couldn't change the picture, but it could affect the hell out of all the critics the studio had brought over to write about it next morning.

There are individuals whose career in the industry is established, even honored, and their gall expected. It is like in a serial really, because the last affair hasn't been talked out before they have done another successful impersonation under a new and undreamed of set of circumstances. The best one I know of for illustration is the main component of Budd Schulberg's story about What Makes Sammy Glick. In the book he is not called by name and is at the best a suggestion for horror sequences, but never mind the formalities, he hops right over to Schulberg's producer before the ink is dry and says, "This guy should not live, he is an insult to the integrity of the industry and a stinkaroo." The producer has not read the book. He tells Jerry Wald he will not have his interrogatives abbreviated or his rights transfixed. I can only carry the story to the point where I was on this producer's lot one day on other business and at the finish of it thought I would drop around again and pass a civil time of day with Schulberg, why not. "I'm mixed up, I guess," I told the girl in the cubbyhole at writer's row, "I thought this was Mr. Schulberg's office." "You are only half mixed up," the girl said. "This used to be the office of a Mr. Budd Schulberg. Last week, I think."

There is also the man whose name is on more credit cards than any five writers, everybody knows the name, perhaps it is even mentioned here. When he was a working writer he caught one snag in a meteoric career, and that was when he was thrown a sequence of the scenario he had submitted and told to rewrite it that afternoon. Rewrite? My god, where was his ghost? He tried to find the man by phoning everywhere from Burbank to Culver City; he called all the Brown Derbies, he had him paged at swimming pools and tennis courts, like at the Beverly Hills. He finally got in his car and made a door-to-door canvass. I suppose it makes a happy ending that he found him, but anyway he did and got the writing rewritten, and today he is writing what seems to be an average of fourteen pictures at the same time. The topper to every new story about him is of course that he got his start doing a radio column in New York, and that was ghost-written too.

There is a writer less colossal but more colorful, you can keep a roomful of people remembering about him until two any morning, and no repeats. His scrapes are more human but unfortunately less printable—like the one ending "My God I've killed her"—and of a nature others could not know if he didn't go around telling them on himself in wonderment and for sympathy. He is the ghosted writer who stops them all (and you can check his credit titles in Film Daily Yearbook). He got out there and was doing all right, and he got sick of picking up a phone every time he wanted to tell the ghost what the producer wanted now, so he just brought him into the studio and planted him at a desk. Took him right into story conferences, bland as a pigeon. The producer said, What the hell is that dog doing at my story conference? and the writer just said, why he's my *ghost*, I need him handy. O. K., the producer said, if he's turning out those B's we're making, I'll hire *him*. Can't, the writer said. I got him under contract. Well do you know, he had. When the producer had got his toupee straightened out again he said finish this picture and get off my set; and the writer merely shrugged and said he'd sell them somewhere else, O. K., O. K. And do you know, he made three more pictures hand running for that producer, with the ghost right in there at every conference, saving time like anything, and he's still merrily at it. He's safe from everything but the Los Angeles traffic.

Whoever he is, he is the man people want to hear about. He is a man from show business gone wild on the fat margin of millions being in it; and he gives the show-business part of Hollywood its flavor; it is somewhat in his clipped and extravagant language that everybody speaks, thinks even. He will appear all through the picture without ever being one of its true key figures. He is as good for a book as he is for a chapter, and for pure yarning even better. Perhaps that has been the trouble all along. He is a very small part of what you see on the screen, but Hollywood is his town because he has put a good part of it in his pockets; and I will continue with him next time.

OTIS FERGUSON

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Washington Notes

Neither Fish nor Willkie

MOST NEWSPAPERS didn't consider the AP dispatch out of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., sufficiently important for page-one display. Perhaps their judgment was right. Former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois lost the Republican nomination for President to Senator Warren G. Harding in 1920, and hasn't been a national figure of first magnitude since. So it wasn't a matter of earth-shaking consequence when he handed out a statement warning Congress that President Roosevelt was projecting the United States step-by-step into an undeclared war that could no longer be classified as a simon-pure war against tyranny now that Soviet Russia was in it—and on what Roosevelt considered our side.

Neither was it particularly important that such other Republican has-beens as Herbert Hoover, Alf Landon, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Henry P. Fletcher, Hanford MacNider, J. Henry Scattergood and Charles E. Dawes shared the views of their aged colleague. Hoover had been talking about the menace of a Soviet alliance for some time.

But the other signatures on the manifesto gave the whole thing a flavor which should have made it good hot-weather news. As representatives of youth, the old gentlemen picked out President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago and President Felix Morley of Haverford College, splendid young fellows capable of speaking with authority for the worth-while people of their generation. For the arts and literature, there were Geraldine Farrar, who has never forgotten her Berlin succes in 1908, when the Kaiser appointed her "court singer" and the yellow press did a gratifying job of speculating about the romantic possibilities of her friendship with the Crown Prince; Irvin S. Cobb, beloved humorist and defender of the Kentucky julep; and Clarence Budington Kelland, perennial editor of the American Boy and prolific writer of juvenilia.

There must have been some cogitating, though, about the inclusion of John L. Lewis as labor's representative. Even in their retirement, rumors must have reached the Republicans that Lewis left the GOP sometime after 1932, and in 1936 actually teamed up with That Man. They probably dismissed as unbelievable slander the reports that Lewis tolerated the American friends of the Russian Bolsheviks until very recently. Even so, they must have been a little nervous about Lewis's known association with such radical labor leaders as Mike Quill, Joe Curran and, above all, Harry Bridges. Yet they could have comforted themselves, and perhaps did, with the thought that Lewis was a reliabale man up to 1932 and that nine years, as they reckon time, isn't very long for a comparatively young man to be off sowing wild oats.

Whatever the state of the Republicans' old nerves, it was nothing as compared with the jitters created here in Washington by Lewis's first unequivocal renunciation of the Russian cause. In some quarters, it was like an unexpected slap on the back to one suffering intensely from hangover. Lewis's left-wing allies in the CIO had been reassured only the week before by a story in Time magazine to the effect that Lewis was saying prayers for a Russian victory. The Daily Worker, in taking Lowden and Hoover to task for their anti-Russian views, simply ignored Lewis's signature. Some of the men at CIO headquarters likewise refused to see it.

This could not go on indefinitely, of course, and within a few days Lewis was reported holding a series of conferences with associates who didn't wholly share his view that justice departed the cause of the Allies the day Russia joined up. The conferences were secret, but presently there was talk of an arrangement by which Lewis and his Muscovite associates would go their separate ways on foreign policy but continue to coöperate on their old project of keeping President Roosevelt and Sidney Hillman under fire on the domestic front. Such tolerance on the part of two such intense forces could not last long.

At the Capitol, too, the Lowden bull rattled a china shop. It was reported almost simultaneously with the return of Representative Hamilton Fish from a tour of duty in the fighting forces full of sunshine vitamins and beans. He stormed in the cloak room about the do-nothingness of the Republicans and shamed his colleagues into holding a caucus at which the President's war policies were denounced by resolution. He failed to get a party commitment against extension of the draft, however. So the Republicans in Congress are about what they were before, neither Fish nor Willkie. Nevertheless, agreement between Landon and Hoover that the United States should under no circumstances fight on the same side with the tyrannical Stalinists strengthened the hand of Republicans who want to gamble on a peace-party position.

The split in the GOP is now wide and deep. The Hoover-Landon entente on one side wants to oppose Roosevelt all the way, trusting that his war policy will produce a disastrous inflation and general economic breakdown by 1944, and automatically restore the Republicans to power. The Western isolationists subscribe to this position. Wendell Willkie and his friends, on the other hand, expect the war boom to run through 1944, and to destroy the party that stands out against the policies, foreign and domestic, that have produced it. If their analysis is correct, even if the war ends before the next election, the business of post-war reconstruction will sustain the prosperity that makes votes.

Death of William Rhodes Davis in Houston interrupted a sensational investigation of his income-tax returns. Davis did a big pre-war business selling expropriated Mexican oil to the Nazis and brought a peace plan from Germany in 1939. . . . New immigration regulations modifying the policy of excluding all persons having relatives in German-occupied territory are in process of preparation. . . . Figures showing serious shortcomings in defense production will soon leak out of a government agency. . . . Francis Biddle may not get the attorney generalship after all. Paul McNutt is one of the likely candidates. . . . A House committee has asked the Justice Department to investigate circumstances surrounding the leasing of the Dupont Circle Apartments by the government. Former Ambassador Joseph Davies and his son-in-law, Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, figure in the case.

Washington T. R. B.

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The Bandwagon

Of the status of men who married after the draft law was enacted, Major Shaw's statement said:

"Many boards seem to feel that the selective-service act repealed the biological urge to the marital status. That is not true. Love marches on." – *UP dispatch from Washington printed in The New York Times.*

War rationing has struck so heavily at Italian zoos that many of their animals, which formerly lived on a raw-meat diet, now subsist on vegetables and bread boiled into a mass with a ham bone tossed in for flavor. They appear to like it.

Zoo keepers said that the more stupid animals are receiving the best food because they refuse to change their habits. – *UP dispatch from Rome in The New York World-Telegram.*

The Edward Starrs and their children as usual are conspicuous in the sports life at the Hill. Mary Starr recently won the girls' singles tournament at the Misquamicut Golf Club with brother Ralph carrying off the honors in the boys' singles, while young Ted will represent the resort as skipper in the forthcoming elimination sailing races for Rhode Island's contestant in the National Junior Championship races.

So you see, regardless of whether they're at home, or supposedly enjoying a well deserved respite from social labors, at distant summer havens, leaders in the sacrosanct circle never for a moment lose sight of the misery of the less fortunate. – *From Jane Wister's Society Column in The Philadelphia Sunday Inquirer.*

Talmadge is the sort of man who will take his shoe and sock off in a dinner gathering to show where the snake bit him —a little on the informal side; but he mixes a Scotch and soda equal to any English gentleman and is never too tired or intoxicated or excited to be courteous. – *From a letter to the editor in The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

Silence-Is-Golden Department

Nothing in the public events of the last two years has been more surprising than the fact that Colonel Lindbergh, a superb aviator, should also turn out to be a far greater public speaker than Mr. Roosevelt, who has done little else all his life. – *From an editorial in The Chicago Tribune.*

Would He Know?

We wish to call the attention of all mothers of Paulding, Paulding township and Jackson township to the fact that no births have been reported to the health department during the last three months.

An appeal is made to the mothers to report to Lynn Burke, local registrar, and ascertain the cause. – *A notice in The Paulding County, Ohio, Republican.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

For a Declaration of War

SIR: I believe the time has come for the United States to declare war on the Axis. I am aware of the arguments that have been offered against this, and I consider them no longer valid. We are already at war with Hitler in everything but name; he would have started shooting at our people long ago if he had dared to. We are arming as rapidly as we can for the purpose of fighting him. It is a highly equivocal position, to say the least, when we let Englishmen, Russians, Chinese and others fight and die in a war which everyone knows to be our own, while we hide behind the accidental and temporary isolation of our geographical position. If we declared war now, we would greatly encourage all the nations that are fighting the fascists. We could speed up our national-defense program. And we could once more look at ourselves in the mirror with self-respect.

New York City B. P.

[What do our readers think of the view expressed above? We should welcome brief statements of their positions and will print or summarize as many as possible of their comments. – THE EDITORS]

Academics as Critics

SIR: May I correct Mr. Jarrell's article on "Contemporary Poetry Criticism" (The New Republic, July 21) on one point, a point too often misunderstood these days? The younger critics, he said, are responsible for the rehabilitation of Donne, Webster, Fulke Greville, Herbert, Marvell, Hopkins, Dryden and Pope, while the academics kept on supporting Tennyson and despising the new discoveries.

This is quite untrue. The rediscovery and reappraisal of these poets was an academic job, and the critics Mr. Jarrell mentions (yes, even Eliot) simply followed after. Sir Herbert Grierson's great edition of Donne, with its fine critical introduction, came out in 1912 and did more to revive an interest in the metaphysicals than anything since. The academic revolution which rehabilitated the metaphysicals as well as Dryden and Pope was in full swing before 1920. Even Rupert Brooke wrote about Webster.

You can't sneer at the academics for resisting this movement, for they founded it. Grierson's Donne, Lucas' Webster, Bullough's Fulke Greville, Abbot's edition of the letters and papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins were all thoroughly academic jobs. When I studied with Grierson at Edinburgh ten years ago the greatness of the very poets Mr. Jarrell mentions (the metaphysicals *and* Dryden and Pope) was a cardinal tenet of faith, and Arnold on the eighteenth-century poets was fully exposed. I got my introduction to Donne, Webster, Hopkins and all the others from academics. We ought to remember, for the sake of the record at least, that it was the despised scholars of the old school who created this revolution of which Mr. Jarrell speaks, and the brilliant young critics followed meekly behind, giving their own reasons for the greatness of the poets already rehabilitated by the professors. The critical preferences shown, for example, by Cleanth Brooks in his "Modern Poetry and the Tradition" were commonplace at British universities (particularly the University of Edinburgh) between 1920 and 1940.

Tomkins Cove, N. Y. DAVID DAICHES

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Joint Income Tax

SIR: The new tax bill may be quite as bad as The New Republic (July 14) says, but this can hardly be because of the provision about the joint return of husband and wife. The New Republic feels that: "This is an unjust penalty on those women who have achieved financial independence, as well as on those married couples who live separately. The whole trend of modern law and progressive custom is to regard the wife as an individual, both personally and economically." How the wife ceases to be an individual because the government for its pressing needs desires to collect a little more than is now done, from two persons who have assumed joint responsibilities, is not clear. It may be pointed out that the "trend of modern law and progressive custom" is to treat the marriage status as something like a community of interests managed jointly by husband and wife. There seems to be no reason why the common fund which this management uses may not be dealt with as a fiscal unit, especially when there is an administrative advantage in doing so and when a greater degree of uniformity throughout the country is thereby gained.

What the law primarily has in view is to prevent the use of the marital community as a means of evading income taxes by splitting what is in fact a single income. The community-property system existing in eight states (Texas, California, Louisiana, Washington, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Nevada) has long provided what can be called a loophole for evasion. It was so listed by the President and Secretary Morgenthau in a message to Congress on May 30, 1937. It has been pointed out that under it the taxes of married couples in these states in 1928 were 30 to 32 percent less than such persons would have had to pay if they had lived in any of the other states. We may add that the community-property system is not the only device by which the tax on marital incomes is effectively reduced.

If the act specifically provided that joint returns were required for community property only, serious constitutional questions and much litigation would ensue, a difficulty avoided by making the joint return general throughout the country.

The New Republic is concerned about the fact that married couples against their will would be forced "to pool their financial arrangements." But husbands and wives in moderate circumstances do, as a matter of fact, "pool their financial arrangements." They can scarcely do otherwise. Those cases in which the income of either husband or wife is alone sufficient for the expenses of the joint venture—marriage is at least that—are also cases in which the exaction of a few hundred dollars more from both together will scarcely work a hardship.

The only case of patent injustice among those mentioned in the article would be that of married couples who are in fact completely separated, but who have for religious or other reasons omitted to obtain a legal divorce. Under the present law the privilege of making a joint return is confined to married couples living together. The duty to make such a return will doubtless be equally so confined.

University of California, Berkeley, Cal. MAX RADIN

SIR: Heywood Broun would have had a smile to see Bishop Manning and you both napping in the same upper berth on this joint return from happily married couples. Just a coincidence, embarrassing perhaps for both of you. I don't wish to assert that I'm the only one in the army who is not out of step but I can't help feeling that you're off on the wrong foot.

Incomes may be separate but for domestic purposes they're joint income whether they provide for babies or speed boats or merely relieve the husband from paying his wife's personal bills. Separate returns serve no purpose except to put the couple in a lower income bracket. That's what a man does when he puts his property in his wife's name so his creditors can't get it. There'd have been no "popular" protest over this proposal if it hadn't aimed to prevent us from ducking taxes.

Worcester, Mass. E. S. C.

[What The New Republic condemns is the assumption that as soon as a man and woman marry, they cease to be individuals, with full, separate individual rights to the disposal of their own property and incomes. Many years have been occupied in establishing the wife's right to a separate economic status in place of the old common-law doctrine that she is her husband's chattel. If they are separate individuals, by what logic can one justify the proposition that because they are married they must pay higher taxes than if they had remained single? Surely not the old superstition that two can live cheaper than one. As a matter of fact a joint establishment, with family responsibilities, often costs more than twice as much as two single ones.

The opposition to the provision does not arise principally from "tax evaders." It arises from those who resent being discriminated against because they are married. If the government needs to collect more money—as it undoubtedly does—it should increase surtaxes for all, regardless of marital status, reduce exemptions, and place higher taxes on excess profits.

Because two or more people are engaged in a joint venture does not justify merging their private incomes for tax purposes. This is not done, for instance, with club members or owners of coöperatives. If a marriage were a profit-seeking enterprise, it might be incorporated and subjected to taxes on its earnings. Even so, its stockholders would still be taxed as individuals.

In reply to E. S. C., we have never promised to disagree with Bishop Manning about everything. And his bias is revealed in the phrase "relieve the husband from paying his wife's personal bills." Apparently he assumes that woman's place is in the home, and she justifiably goes out of it only to make pin-money. But maybe she would want a speed boat of her own, just as a single girl might. And as for babies, it hardly seems wise to charge people extra for having them, if they are married. — THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A corporal in the Panama Canal Zone sends us a reply to the letter from Private O. L. (The New Republic, July 14). The corporal, who has been in the army seven years, says: "I still like the service; it's a humble occupation." . . . And a private from Fort Lewis, Washington, replies: "At present the full organization of the peacetime army is flourishing beautifully and is doing its best to prevent the development of any wartime army."

The Freedom Publishing Company was recently founded in New York City to print anti-Nazi books for the great number of people in this country reading books in German. They report their first publication will be Hermann Rauschning's "*Die Konservative Revolution*," coming out September 1.

The St. Louis Public Library has sent us an interesting illustrated booklet called "Information Please," a typical day in their reference department, when 82 percent of the patrons found the information they wanted.

P. L. Buttrick of Woodstock, N. Y., suggests we follow up our criticisms of Vichy and State Department appeasement (The New Republic, August 4), and "call for American recognition of the De Gaulle Free French Government," which, he points out, "controls about one-fourth the French Empire and has both an army and a navy."

Through a slip, The New Republic dated the Nazi attack on the Low Countries in May, 1939, instead of 1940; we wish to thank the many readers who sent us the correction.

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Books in Review

Black Earth

OF THE RUSSIAN authors I have read, Sholokhov is almost the only one with a highly developed sense of locality. The others—and of course I speak with an American reader's limited knowledge of Russian literature—are either dealing with universal human nature, like Dostoevsky, so that their novels are situated in "the provincial town of N——," or in "our district," which we can take for granted is any provincial town or any district; or else they are treating some abstract theme like the Five Year Plan; or finally these authors may give the impression of being city intellectuals going out into the country for the first time and being overwhelmed by the undifferentiated vastness of the Russian land—as if they were New Yorkers rhapsodizing over "the mountains" or "the prairies," whereas a native would speak of one particular mountain or one prairie township, in his eyes essentially different from any other. That is how Sholokhov regards the village of Tatarsk, which does not exactly resemble any other Cossack *stanitsa*, let alone any Russian *yar* or any community of Ukrainian peasants. And the country he loves is not the "wide Russian land," but rather a certain district on the banks of the Don, with its wooded ravines, its black-earth steppe, its wheatfields and its melon patches. The story he tells could have happened nowhere else.

But besides his sense of locality, he also has a sense of people that is somewhat commoner in Russian fiction, though rare enough in the literature of any country. He writes about them as if he had always known and loved them and wanted the outside world to understand just why they acted as they did. They are of course his own people, the community or nation of the Don Cossacks, and another writer might have a hard time making them seem plausible. They are peasants tied to the soil, and yet until the end of the civil wars they were soldiers wandering over the face of the earth. They are miserly with their wheat but prodigal with their money and their lives; they are heavy drinkers, brawlers, wife beaters and, on occasion, looters and killers, yet they are full of simple kindliness; they are honest citizens descended from outlaws and ready in any period of disorder to resume the life of their ancestors. Another writer might have insisted on combing the lice from their hair and wiping the blood from their hands before admitting them to his hygienic fiction. Sholokhov pictures them just as they are, without even washing their faces, but without making us feel that he is collecting specimens for an ethnological museum. They are simply people to him; he lives in a Cossack village and these are his neighbors.

He has been working on his Cossack novel[1] since 1925, when he was twenty years old and had just finished his first volume of stories. It grew longer as he went along; there were always more incidents to crowd into it. The first volume to appear in English was "And Quiet Flows the Don," published in 1934. The second volume, called "The Don Flows Home to the Sea," is advertised as being complete in itself—can you remember any second volume that wasn't?—but it is part of the same work, the continuation and tragic end of his hero's story.

After his unhappy marriage and his unhappier love affair with Aksinia; after serving three years at the front and becoming an officer; after fighting for the Reds and then deserting them—all this was told in the first volume—Gregor Melekhov comes home. He distrusts both sides in the struggle; his only loyalty is to the Cossack nation and his only desire is to live in peace on his own farm; but that is what neither Reds nor Whites will permit him to do. First the Cossacks rise and drive out the Reds, but the Reds come back again. Then the Cossacks rise a second time and Gregor, called once more into service, becomes the commander of a whole division. The Whites march into the Donside, where the Cossacks are forced to join them by the logic of the struggle. But the White army disintegrates, after marching nearly to Moscow, and Gregor joins the Reds again, fighting under Budienny in the Polish war. His services are not enough to protect him when he comes back to the village, and after learning that he is to be arrested by the Cheka, he escapes into the steppes to join a rebel band.

But the story is not primarily one of military campaigns, even though these are described with painstaking accuracy. Sholokhov's underlying theme is how a Cossack soldier was deprived step by step of everything and everybody he loved—first his brother, taken prisoner and killed by the Reds; then his wife, then his parents, then his always loving but unfaithful Aksinia, then his farm and even the right to live in his own village. Along with this went a moral denudation: he lost his scruples one by one and his belief in the rightness of what he was doing; he drank to forget, he robbed and stole and murdered his prisoners like other rebel Cossacks; finally he lost even his animal courage, so that after the massacre of the Fomin band he was only an outlaw hiding in the forest, afraid of every cracking twig. And Gregor in his utter destitution seems to represent the whole Cossack people, who during the civil war lost not only their goods and most of their land—other Russians did that—but also their profession as soldiers and half or more of their numerical strength and for a long time their national existence. It was not until two or three years ago—and then partly through the influence of Sholokhov's novels—that they were once again recognized as a separate people.

But there is a great deal more than Gregor in the story. There are of course his mistress and his wife, both memorable figures; and not far in the background are all the other robust and sharp-tongued Cossack women, about whom Sholokhov writes as if he did nothing but listen to their gossip. There are the old men, sly, boastful, drunken and faithful to the Tsar; Sholokhov seems to deplore them as a

[1] The Silent Don, by Mikhail Sholokhov; translated by Stephen Garry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Vol. I, And Quiet Flows the Don; 554 pages, $3. Vol. II, The Don Flows Home to the Sea. 777 pages. $3.50. 2 vols. boxed, $6.

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Communist, while honoring them as a Cossack is taught to honor his elders. There is more wild humor than one would expect to find in such a tragic story. There are a hundred scenes and incidents that stick in one's mind—the trenches along the Don where the Cossack wives came to wash their men's clothing, the flight of the peasants, the embarkation of the defeated White army, the typhus epidemic (during which Gregor uncovers his dead father's face to find it crawling with lice), the drinking bout with the English officer (although this episode is missing from Mr. Garry's translation) and scene after scene of death in battle, death in the village, death behind the lines by firing squad or Cossack saber; death always at one's elbow until it no longer arouses a twinge of horror. After the executioner chosen by Fomin's band comes back from shooting a young Red soldier, somebody asks him, stifling a yawn, "What's the weather like, Chumakov? Is it clearing up?" Today the weather is stormy again over the steppes, and the new war gives this book a contemporary quality; it is news from the Eastern Front; it shows how bitterly and resourcefully the Russians will fight in defense of their land. Meanwhile the land itself is the real protagonist of the novel. "Beloved steppe!" the author exclaims, for the first time interrupting his own story. "Winding ravines, dry valleys, ruddy cliffs, expanse of feather-grass worked with darker traces of horse-hoofs, mounds rising in a wise silence, preserving your former Cossack glory. Low I bow and filially kiss your fresh earth; I kiss the Don Cossack, unrusting, blood-soaked steppes."

Apparently "The Silent Don" is the greatest of all the novels that have been written about the Russian revolution; and I say "apparently" for the one reason that it is hard to tell just how good the book may be in the original. Stephen Garry's translation is by no means the worst that I have read during the past few years; at least he has a feeling for English prose. But to judge from sections of the novel that appeared in International Literature, it is far from being complete; and it is full of meaningless expressions and misunderstandings of the Russian text. Not for a single page does it let you forget that it is being translated from a very foreign language. MALCOLM COWLEY

The Big Parade

The Hero in America, by Dixon Wecter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 542 pages. $3.50.

MR. WECTER is already approved as the author of "The Saga of American Society," a record that succeeds in preserving good taste in spite of all temptations that may lie in the subject matter of such annals. That in itself will be enough to recommend this later book on the hero among us. In this account he turns with a bang from, as Milton might say, the asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles to the infinite delight of this happy nurture; it is all vastly read, sharp-witted and tireless. History, biography, legend, American idealism and the apropos resound through these lively pages—Captain John Smith, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Pershing, Lindbergh and others. If the vivacity is a little monotonous, the good sense is secure. A book worth reading, often delightful, sometimes moving, often pertinent, always entertaining. S. Y.

The Men on the Job

Full Employment, by John H. G. Pierson. Yale University Press. 306 pages. $2.50.
The Answer to Unemployment, by J. Roy Ellison. Portland, Oregon: The Studio Publishing Company. 187 pages. $2.
The Unemployed Worker, by E. Wight Bakke. Yale University Press. 481 pages. $4.
Citizens without Work, by E. Wight Bakke. Yale University Press. 322 pages. $3.

JOHN H. G. PIERSON's "Full Employment" is the first book by an American representative of the "Keynesian" school of economics who is ready to face up to the problem of engineering popular consent for a government policy calculated to eliminate involuntary unemployment from our economic system. Unlike some of his fellows, Pierson evidently does not regard the present spending program as an indication that congressmen have either (a) jettisoned ancestral notions regarding "sound" public finance, or (b) developed a sensitiveness toward the lot of the unemployed comparable, for example, to their sensitiveness on the subject of foreign invasion. Thus he is not deceived about the likelihood (failing pressure from somewhere) of the spending program's being continued, *on its merits as a technique for preventing unemployment*, beyond the day when defense against foreign invasion shall have been provided for. His appeal, therefore, is directly to that public opinion which—unlike the palace politics on which the American Keynesians have hitherto depended—can force Congress to continue it on those merits.

Pierson writes, in short, as a majority-rule democrat, willing to accept the verdict of the majority about such things as the distribution of the national income and the extent to which we should abandon our traditional economic arrangements in favor of planned production. He has, furthermore, genuine confidence—of a kind which is increasingly rare among publicists—in the electorate's competence to arrive at such decisions by the path of close economic reasoning. His book is not a popularization, and the entire argument is constructed on the premise that the function of the expert, thus also of the economist, is to advise rather than to decide, to clarify alternatives rather than attempt to influence the choice between them. In strict accuracy, indeed, I have done him an injustice in suggesting that he *defends* spending or any other specific line of policy, since officially at least his argument runs to propositions about what would happen if such and such were done, leaving the reader free to draw his own inferences about policy.

Unemployment, he argues, can be abolished in any of three ways: First, by planning *all* production, and making the plan sufficiently ambitious to provide employment for all who are willing and able to work. Second, by leaving up to private employers the decision as to how much of the working population to retain in private employment, and committing the government to a general policy of absorbing the remainder into planned production. Third, by making a conscious decision as to the number of workers we are prepared to see absorbed into planned production, and attempting to make sure that private employers will offer jobs, at adequate wages, to the remainder. But the second of these policies, because of its depressing effect upon pri-

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vate business, easily translates itself into the first, and, this being the case, it is safe to predict that American public opinion will prefer the third. The question about which we must make up our minds, therefore, is whether or not we have at our disposal techniques of control which would enable us to prevail upon private employers to offer the requisite number of jobs. Pierson thinks we have—provided enough of us can learn to think clearly in terms of the necessity of keeping employers convinced of the possibility of finding buyers for the goods which a full-employment economy would produce—or, what comes to the same thing, the necessity for a definite government promise to maintain an adequate volume of consumer spending power. Such a promise could be kept by simply distributing to consumers, on any basis agreeable to Congress, enough money to counteract any perceptible downward tendency of the general price level, the necessary funds to be provided by taxation, by borrowing, or by the issuance of non-interest-bearing notes, as Congress might direct. His answer to those who are inclined to shudder at the possible expense would seem to be that once the government has guaranteed the volume of consumer spending, the chief cause for deficiencies in that volume (*i. e.*, employers' fears regarding future markets) will have been removed. His answer to those whose fears run to an uncontrollable rise of prices is that the government, if backed up by an informed public opinion, can simply tax away enough consumer spending power to prevent it from happening. Indeed, a major virtue of the book is the prescience with which he has anticipated his readers' possible objections and the skill with which he has marshaled arguments which will satisfy them. No non-professional reader who comprehends the importance of the problem of unemployment can afford to pass it up.

J. Roy Ellison's "The Answer to Unemployment" belongs, in contrast, to the lunatic fringe of economic speculation, and is of interest here largely because of the light it throws upon the size of the task which confronts those who, like Pierson, believe it is possible to do something about the economic illiteracy of the general public. Ellison is a Portland business man who would like to balance the budget by assessing upon each article produced by machine processes a tax equivalent to the amount the manufacturer has saved by replacing men with machines, and, be it noted, remitting all other existing forms of taxation. He either does not see that the effect of such a policy—aside from the obvious difficulty of assessing the tax—would be to give us the most viciously regressive tax system in the world, or else does see it and warms to the idea for that reason. He can, in any case, hardly expect to be taken seriously when he argues that the burden of the proposed tax would fall entirely on our machines, and not at all upon the buyers and sellers of the articles taxed.

E. Wight Bakke's "The Unemployed Worker" and "Citizens without Work" should be required reading for everyone who still believes that we could pay too high a price (in taxation, or in additional ciphers on the national-debt totals) to prevent a new epidemic of unemployment. Through the years 1932-39 the author, and his assistants at the Institute of Human Relations at New Haven, kept under close observation twenty-five typical unemployed families, asked innumerable questions of two hundred others, and themselves took turns at "participating as unemployed men in the life and practices of the unemployed." They can, therefore, answer with *facts* the scurrilous lies about the unemployed which have envenomed the writing and conversation of conservatives throughout the depression period. If you have an acquaintance who thinks that the unemployed should have had money in the bank in 1929 to "tide them over," or that the unemployed have been coddled by the social workers, or that we can fairly demand "self-reliance" of men who have spent their working lives in an economic system which teaches them subservience, or that the unemployed have revealed an unbecoming eagerness to go on relief—these are the books he ought to read. And this, among Bakke's many conclusions, is the one he should be obliged to commit to memory: "If we expect men to behave and live according to the standards of a working world, they must be a part of a working world."

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Justice of Terror

Skeleton of Justice, by Edith Roper and Clara Leiser. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 346 pages. $3.

LUCKILY, this book is not, as the publishers would have it, "one of the most amazing personal stories ever told." We have had plenty of such stories, and their factual value has been deplorably small. This book does not need to be presented under false pretenses; as a sober and unemotional account of the perverted system of Nazi justice it is interesting enough in itself. It includes the records and figures collected by Edith Roper in her capacity as a court correspondent in Hitler Germany. Miss Leiser, a member of the administrative staff of the Probation Department of General Sessions, New York, has edited this material, put it into digestible form and thrown in her own interpretations. Her insight into the problems involved makes the book an outstanding contribution toward the understanding of Nazi methods.

The subject itself seems to be pretty well covered, although one might wish that more stress had been laid on the political trials, which were rather frequent during the period of Mrs. Roper's journalistic activity. What emerges from the bulk of the crime cases cited is not so much the well known point that terror is the only means of justice the Germans know and that the judges are degraded to the status of paid executioners, but, far more important, that terror utterly fails to work as the deterrent it is supposed to be. The fact is that, since terror in itself breeds terror, the score of crime kept on mounting in the years before the war, and a wave of murders swept the country. These murders, as the trials showed, were of a special nature, committed mostly by young people, "without calculation, without plan, apart from any organized gang, and without reasons. . . . Each of these murderers thought he had accomplished something extraordinary." This longing for achievement which, like the driving force in a monstrous Raskolnikov, finds its only expression in crime, this lust for power that ends in murder is the most alarming effect of the Nazi doctrines, the direct consequence of the example Hitler himself sets. When sentences were passed the judges did not ask for motives; they either failed to see the implications or willingly

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neglected them. They tried to kill through terror what terror had created.

Now the war has made murder legal. The lust for power through destruction has found its objective. But what will happen, the book asks, when after the war these forces again become latent? Will there be "a fresh wave of murders or will it prove to be the crest of a ground swell that will break against its own cause—National Socialism?"

This question is the essence of the book. Remote as it now may seem, the problem may one day be urgent.

KLAUS LAMBRECHT

Men Who Made Big Money

Men of Wealth, by John T. Flynn. New York: Simon and Schuster. 531 pages. $3.75.

IN THIS SERIES of breezily interesting biographical essays John T. Flynn studies a number of men of great wealth who were prominently identified with the rise and development of capitalism. Fortunes are chosen "which were, on the whole, fairly representative of the economic scenes in which they flourished." The essays begin with Jacob Fugger the Rich, the resplendent financial monarch of the sixteenth century. They move on to include John Law and the Rothschilds, Robert Owen and the Mitsui, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Hetty Green, Cecil Rhodes, Mark Hanna, John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan. A number of side glances at other men of wealth are thrown in for good measure.

Flynn is no starry-eyed worshiper of wealth; he satirizes with incisive strokes the personal and social limitations of the moneybags. They do not smell good, these men of wealth (save for that anomalous exception, Robert Owen). Hardly any of them made a contribution to the constructive economic aspects of capitalism. They neither understood what their world was doing, nor cared much, as they got into the strategic positions where money made by the work of others flowed into their possession. These men of wealth were psychopaths driven by the urge for money and power—cruel, avaricious, tyrannical monomaniacs. Often nightmares drove them: like the nightmare of Cecil Rhodes, who dreamed of an all-dominant British Empire which would include the United States as a dominion.

But while the essays are stimulating and offer many interesting facts and ideas, they are, on the whole, unsatisfactory. That is partly due to the method—the brief essays are neither a picture of the men nor of the age, but an unsubstantial mixture of both. Nor do they yield an understanding of what made capitalism click and what makes it click no longer. But here it is not the method but Mr. Flynn's historical and economic insight that is at fault. The analysis is limited to the surface of things; Flynn concentrates (in a measure because of the fortunes chosen) on the monetary relations of capitalism, not on its productive relations. He is, moreover, animated by faith in competitive capitalism and with scorn for its antagonists—which explains both the fine job of muckraking monopoly capitalism that he has been doing for years and his misunderstanding and abuse of any program that does not believe in the panacea of a restoration of the old freedom of enterprise.

The book is unsatisfactory from another angle. John T. Flynn rides his prejudices and passions in an amazingly reckless manner. He does not like Roosevelt and the New Deal. So he discovers their progenitors in the ideas and activities of the John Law who created the Mississippi Bubble. The monetary manipulations of John Law, he says, were "the first New Deal of the capitalist order." . . . "Law's proposal to rid France of her debt by buying it through the Mississippi Company is comparable to the proposal of Mr. Roosevelt, in our time, to extinguish the public debt of America by purchasing it through the Social Security Board." . . . "As a New Dealer [Law] was not greatly different in one respect from the apostles of the mercantilist school—the Colberts, the Roosevelts, the Daladiers, the Hitlers and Mussolinis."

I am sure that John T. Flynn believes that Roosevelt is comparable with John Law. I am also sure that the comparison discredits, not Roosevelt, but Flynn's understanding of economic history and of the changing world in which we live.

LEWIS COREY

Oahu's Windward Shore

Hawaii: Restless Rampart, by Joseph Barber Jr. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 285 pages. $2.75.

THERE ARE two kinds of books about Hawaii. The first is so specialized that only the islanders read them, and the second is so lush that they are sufferable only in that peculiar emotional state into which *leis* anesthetize the tourist. For the general and practical reader there has been precious little to answer his questions, which in these days run about as follows: What part do the islands play in our Pacific naval strategy? If our navy is withdrawn to the Atlantic, will the islands be used as a base for a Japanese attack upon us? What about our Hawaiian fifth column? Joseph Barber writes with clarity and in some detail for the man who asks just these questions. For good measure he throws in a little history and a bit of muckraking.

One thing the book emphasizes that America needs to be told: the United States Army, whatever its shortcomings elsewhere, has been on the job in Hawaii. In the great valley between the Koolau and Waianae ranges on the island of Oahu, the army with intelligence and foresight has built such a well integrated fortress that without any naval support whatever it could withstand withering attack.

The greatest threat to the security of Hawaii, as Barber points out, comes from within. The armed services have long been worried about the food supply, and despite some recent coöperation from the sugar and pineapple producers who control the arable land, and the planning of a huge food cache, war in the Pacific might well mean rationing for civilians. The best publicized of the internal threats is of course the Japanese, of whom there are 155,000 and who do not themselves know how many of their number are essentially Americans. What makes the problem of spies and saboteurs an ugly one is the difficulty of distinguishing between the loyal and the disloyal. Civilian leaders have gone on the assumption that the fruitful and decent thing was to assume everyone American until he proved himself otherwise; the naval intelligence is inclined to see it the other way around, and this attitude on the part of the *haoles* is a cause of friction and unrest. The racial issue is

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even more complex than Barber indicates; if Hawaii had the gifts of self-revelation of a Thomas Wolfe we might some day begin to understand the tangled web of motives and impulses that operate in the most alien and exotic of our regional cultures. But this is an old problem—and, in happier times, one of great social promise—and one restricted neither to the Japanese nor to Hawaii.

The muckraking concerns Hawaii's Big Five, the corporate owners of the economic system. What makes them worth study is that the islands give a picture of monopoly capitalism in microcosm, with both the virtues and faults magnified. This is new material so far as the mainland reader is concerned, and so is the story about Hawaii's campaign for statehood.

The islands are full of complex contradictions and paradoxes. I suppose it was to keep the reader with him that Barber painted many subtleties in black and white, and while this method makes for an incisive and most readable book, it is not always fair to the shades and colors between. Barber certainly does not capture the charm and loveliness of the islands—but then, who has? It is sometimes easy to date the author's period of residence by the Honolulu gossip he picked up, and I am not sure he has always made the most of the navy wives' lore. For example, he tells a story about the Japanese maid who was asked what she would do if Japan and the United States went to war. Her answer, according to Barber, was that she would poison them all. This is much better in the ancient original, which goes:

Navy Wife: Suppose Japan, America fight. You no kill us, huh, Yosiko?

Maid: Oooh, noooo, Missy. That yard man's job.

ALBERT HORLINGS

All That Glitters

The Gold Rushes, by W. P. Morrell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 438 pages. $3.
Reno, by Max Miller. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 267 pages. $3.

THE SAME PATTERN runs roughly through every gold rush in history: some old tramp comes to town with a boot full of nuggets he found in his drinking water one morning; every unemployed accountant who can borrow a pick races ten thousand miles to the field; a fine and raucous time is had by all with gold being handed around like chewing-gum samples and flour a hundred dollars a sack; then the surface is exhausted and the boys with capital and machinery move in, some of the miners take jobs by the day and the rest move out and go back to being unemployed accountants; the old tramp goes off to look for another mine. Events in any specific rush may vary the pattern: the news can sometimes be kept secret for years while a few men make a killing; the original discoverers may even make millions and invest them in marble swimming pools; or capital may move in immediately and thousands of men arrive to find they don't even have a chance to stake out a claim. But in essence the story is always the same. Most of the miners make nothing, the few that do don't keep it; the storekeepers, bartenders, pimps and other sources of supply make plenty; and the wise boys that start the stock companies get the real gravy.

W. P. Morrell's book, the tenth in the excellent British series of Pioneer Histories, is a sober and scholarly record of the world's gold rushes: Brazil, Siberia, California,

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British Columbia and the Rocky Mountain States, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, Alaska and the Klondike. His interest is in the social and economic consequences of the gold rush: the impetus to colonization; the forms of political democracy coming out of the mining camps; the subsequent financial exploitation. Here he is soundest, and despite a few faults of perspective and emphasis, particularly his failure to discuss the relationship of the quest for gold with the problem of wage labor in the industrial centers of any given country, his book is a valuable job of pioneering in an almost ignored historical field. Like most historians, Morrell is weakest when he sets out to describe Life like a novelist, and lets himself be caught with his statistics down. His efforts to convey the raw meat of mining-camp life itself: the dirty backbreaking work all day in knee-deep water and naked sun, the crazy tempo of gambling and whoring at night, the ubiquitous whiskey bottle and the omnipresent dirt, are his least successful, and page after page of what the blurb calls "the drama" of the rushes is simply dull.

Max Miller's "Reno" is the story of a town that survived the gold rush. In the heart of the Comstock Lode district, with its fabulous wealth in gold and silver, Reno took on the character of the mining camps all about it: Carson City, Virginia City, Nevada City, Silver City, Gold Hill and the rest. As one after another they all worked out and became ghost towns, Reno somehow grew and prospered. The booming life of the mining camp survives in Reno's easy morality, its rampant gambling and liquor, its organized and public prostitution. Even its celebrated short-term-residence laws were originally a convenience for miners, and it seems to have first picked up the divorce trade by accident. Max Miller's sprawling and inchoate book, written in a style that has grown progressively cuter since "I Cover the Waterfront," tries to get Reno's fantastic frontier-survival life down between covers by a series of picturesque anecdotes about local characters and legends. His treatment of mining history has the vitality and color that "The Gold Rushes" lacks, but without Morrell's sound scholarship or authenticity. A cross between them might have struck pay dirt. STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

A Reader's List

CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD THE EMPEROR IN THE FOURTH CENTURY, by Kenneth M. Setton (Columbia, $2.75). Scholarly and discriminating description and analysis of the patristic attitude toward the person and office of the Roman Emperor in the fourth century, when Christianity achieved official victory over rival religions. Particular attention to such figures as St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom and to letters, speeches, panegyrics and the like, which were addressed directly to the Emperor.

TURKEY, by Emil Lengyel (Random House, $3.75). An attempt to survey Turkey's bewildering history since the Middle Ages and her problems in the present crisis. The style is choppy and the scholarship is weak. For all the ground it covers, this is definitely not a book for the serious reader.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRIC ACHIEVEMENT, by Nolan D. C. Lewis (Norton, $3). A concise outline of men, methods and results in the treatment of mental diseases from the Greeks to Freud—and beyond. The author, an established psychiatrist, sees the future of psychiatry as heavily dependent upon the use of the experimental method which has been so productive in the medical sciences. American psychiatry, he believes, must learn to treat the patient against a complex of physical, familial, social and economic factors.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan, $3). Four hundred pages of deliberate, well written, chatty and rambling escapism, dealing with writing and writers (Jane Austen, Samuel Butler, Ouida, Max Beerbohm, H. G. Wells, Somerset Maugham and Miss Stern), with London, New York, France, the Mediterranean, good food and wine. A pleasant volume to turn to after listening to the news.

PRESENT-DAY STORIES, selected by John T. Frederick (Scribner's, $1.25). Despite the title, none of the thirty-four authors was born later than 1909; six of them, in fact, are dead—one for twenty-five years, another for eighteen. The anthology is remarkably good, if uneven. Better than excellent stories by Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald are those by masters from the British Isles—Katherine Mansfield, A. E. Coppard and James Joyce.

PERSONAL EXPOSURES, by Rex Beach (Harpers, $2.75). Mr. Beach's energetic adventures begin in a gunnysack in Michigan and continue through an uninhibited childhood in Florida, a football training squad in Chicago, the Klondike gold rush, Hollywood's earliest trials, and, after a while, an unusual farm in Florida again. Certainly not the kind of life you're likely to lead if you spend most of it in chairs. A vigorous book, pressed tight with colorful background.

THE DEEP, by Kaj Klitgaard (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). Adventures in the education of a young man at sea in several ships under several sets of circumstances. He seems to learn the hard way. His storms are smothered in flat prose and his trivialities mount. Instead of saying "I" or "he," in speaking of the main character, he says "you" for the 365 pages. Only for collectors of everything that floats.

Contributors

MAX WERNER's latest book is "Battle for the World: The Strategy and Diplomacy of the Second World War," just published by Modern Age Books.

WILLMOORE KENDALL teaches political science and economics at Hobart College. The University of Illinois Press will soon release his first book, "John Locke and the Doctrine of Majority Rule."

KLAUS LAMBRECHT, writer and literary critic, has worked in France as correspondent for Swiss newspapers. He has also translated a number of American best-sellers into German for Swiss publications.

LEWIS COREY, the author of "The House of Morgan," "The Decline of American Capitalism" and "The Crisis of the Middle Class," is working on a study of the history and problems of democracy and socialism.

ALBERT HORLINGS, a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic, lived in Hawaii for many years.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN, who won The New Republic's college-writing contest last year, is at present free-lancing in New York.

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